

The Corsair.

A Gazette of Literature, Art, Dramatic Criticism, Fashion and Novelty.

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TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

Why doe ye weep, sweet babes? Can teares
 Speak grieve in you,
 Who were but borne
 Just as the modest morne
 Teem'd her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
 That marred a flower,
 Nor felt th' unkind
 Breath of a blasting wind:
 Nor are ye worne with yeares,
 Or warpt as we
 Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
 To speake by teares before ye have a tongue.
Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make known
 The reason why
 Ye droop and weep:
 Is it for want of sleep,
 Or childish lullabie?
Or that ye have not seen, as yet,
 The violet,
 Or brought a kisse
From that sweetheart to this?—
 No, no; this sorrow shown
 By your teares shed,
 Would have this lecture read,
That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 Conceiv'd with grief are, and with teares brought forth.

HERRICK.

THE LONDON LETTER-CARRIER'S COMPLAINT.

Now there's the penny postage scheme,
 For which to Rowland Hill we're debtors;
Pregnant, no doubt, with good supreme,
 But plaguy bore to "Men of Letters!"
"Good morning Bill, this penny plan,
 I vish vas fairly at Old Harry;
For here's a load, as I'm a man,
 Sufficient for a hass to carry.
"I vish our bags vos on the dunce,
 Upon this precious scheme who blunder'd;
Vy where ve had a letter vonce,
 Ve now have uppards of a hundred!
"Whoever sarv'd us out this dose,
 I hope a thunderbolt may shiver 'em—
Ven do the office nobs suppose
 Ve shall be able to deliver 'em?"

A BROTHER'S LOVE.

Though many a year has o'er me past,
 And none from bitter change was free,
Yet lives one thought—'twill die the last,—
 Sweet sister! 'twas the thought of thee!
Earth, and the loves of earth, are vain,
 But ours was registered above:
And, Agnes, neither time nor pain
 Have shook thy brother's early love.
I see the parting moment yet,
 I hear thy gentle voice decay;
Oh! how shall I the tear forget
 That from thy cheek I kissed away?
We parted!—many a look I cast
 To see thee lingering on the hill;
Then far from home and thee I past,
 Yet stay'd in spirit with thee still.

We loved, when hearts were holy things;
 And though my locks are scattered now,
And time, yet on his softest wings,
 Has touched thy crimson cheek with snow;
And though our early hope be gone,
 And life with slower pulses move,
Come to my heart, till life is done,
 Thou idol of a brother's love!

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER]

The wine-cup was bright, and my beautiful maid
 Sung the gods of old Greece and her vanished renown:
We compared her to France as we sat in the shade,
 When a bird at our feet sank exhaustedly down.
To his wings was a letter attached, which he brought
 Over mountain and main, to some soul-cherished spot.
Come, drink of my goblet, poor messenger dove,
 And rest from thy flight on the breast of my love.

His wanderings have wearied and wasted his wing;
 Ah! quickly restore him, and let him depart.
Does he bear the advice of a merchant? or bring
 To the eyes of gay beauty the voice of the heart?
He carries, perchance, the last wish and the prayer
 Of the torn and the exiled who dies in despair:
Come, drink of my goblet, poor messenger dove,
 And rest from thy flight on the breast of my love.

But these words on the missive would seemingly say
 That from Athens it goes to her exiles in France;
And its theme must be glory, and, therefore, we may,
 As protectors and friends, snatch a cursory glance.
Announcement of happiness! Athens is free!
 Fresh laurels, O Greece, shall be planted for thee;
Come, drink of my goblet, poor messenger dove,
 And rest from thy flight on the breast of my love.

Yes, Athens is free! Muse of Pindar resume
 Thy sceptre, thy lyre, and thy loftiest tone:
Despite the Barbarian, she bursts from her tomb;
 Despite the vain monarchs, her freedom is won.
And, taught by her fame, let the universe see
 An Athens for ever, O Paris, in thee!
Come, drink of my goblet, poor messenger dove,
 And rest from thy flight on the breast of my love.

Sweet wanderer of Hellas! repose thee, and then
 Fly off to thy turtle, who chides thy delay.
Soon, missioned from Athens, come braving again
 The tyrants and vultures that frown on thy way.
Return from the free, and let Liberty's tones
 Strike the ears of our kings on their tottering thrones.
Come, drink of my goblet, poor messenger dove,
 And rest from thy flight on the breast of my love.

W. D.

SHAKSPEARE FANCIES.

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

How different is the love of maturity from that of youth! If there be more fervour, exuberance of spirit, self-abandonment in the latter, there is more of perpetual, calm meditation on the reality in the former. It is not vivid imagination which feeds it, but sober truth; not in delirium is the affection yielded, but with a slow pulse, a cool blood, a reasoning brain; it is not the wild hastening of a child to a pleasure inexperienced, but the deliberate action of an understanding and duly estimating mind; one is the access of fever when we, as it were, restlessly long for something unattainable, when we wildly expect something, we know not what; we have no fear (though we know our friends have) about ourselves; our new and tumultuous emotions we give rein to, with ardent and headlong curiosity; we are, while really in a state of madness, to ourselves apparently composed; we neither hasten forwards, nor linger behind, though enjoying this strange development of things with pressing eagerness: the other, instead of to the access of fever, may be likened to the sedate enjoyment of moderate illness and approaching convalescence so spiritually described by Charles Lamb, when the patient has such pleasure in the attention paid, the tenderness shown, the intellectual contemplations, encouraged by opportunity, on past feelings and those in future to be fostered; in the delicious absorption from the cold-hearted world and tormenting cares: the first may be likened to the dreams of the embryo writer; the second to the *enjoyable* labours of the actual author: the first to the frisking morn, glowing into noon; the second to the gray twilight of evening, subsiding into the purple darkness of a summer's night. The first is encouraged, because it draws me out of *wearisome* self; the second, be-

cause love is necessary to *wearied* self. If the first had been Cleopatra's, regardless of Cæsar, and of all the world, she would have descended to the dying Antony; not like Juliet is she, at first regardless of self; her first consideration is for her personal safety, as it could not have been with one of our previous heroines, who were *too* spiritual for that. But *she* had superior fascinations to render her love all-conquering, so that what was lacking in one way was more than atoned for, to such as Antony, in another; it is true, she was a queen, and therefore, by station, authorised to remember self first: it is a bad system which thus inculcates more generous conduct to be derogatory—a system which, as the world progresses, even as it does now, bids fair, in part at least, to be done away with, like the superfluous ceremony and expenditure of a coronation. Dignity of mind, not pomp of circumstance, do we now demand.

Cleopatra's grief was counterpoised by her pleasure that Antony had escaped for aye from the toils of Cæsar, as she, too, buoyantly anticipated doing. And why weep, when the separation was to be so transient, the meeting to occur so speedily? How maliciously pleasant is the application of degrading epithets to one of whom we are so jealous, because our lord has loved her, or to whom we suspect him of affection, even though he deny it—epithets which will not be answered or found fault with, as he is now engrossed by us, and deems it useful to fret *us*, to whom he ought to be grateful, and who have him somewhat in our power. Antony's life has not been sufficiently happy to lead him to revenge the deception practised on him which has tended to its foreshortening; and, glad of the proximity of Cleopatra, it matters not how attained, instead of being vexed when the easiest mode of approach for his suffering frame is disregarded, he accepts thankfully any terms which shall bless him once with a touch of her sweet hands, a near glance of her thrilling eye, a heart-to-heart-folding embrace; the fragrance of her breath, the odours of her sigh. Now, after self had been properly attended to, and that nothing more remained to impede feeling, Cleopatra luxuriously poured forth the riches of rapture; the apostle of love, in all its height and depth, length and breadth, she could enact, when no unruly obstacles intercepted her effusions: then, when self could not be injured, see forgot it, displaying the devotion, the abandonment, the picturesqueness of passion, as other heroines never so did, in word, attitude, and manner; if their deeds and looks were even such like, their bearing had not the *laisser aller* of the unfeathered mistress of love; the others were but love's apprentices; they could not have the same masterly freedom; there was more delicacy, if less vigour, in their essays; more chasteness, if less richness, of colouring; more of the tint of the pale primrose, "which dies unmarried." They might die so; Cleopatra, to exist, must have a lover; air, food, and drink, all would have been but uselessly spent in inanition, if thus she had been bare. Any of the other three, if asked to let their dying lords speak, would have breathlessly and reverently listened; but Cleopatra was here like a priestess on the tripod, and must give vent to her sentiments. The others would have hearkened with anticipation that every syllable uttered must be of moment, as genius dignifies all. Desdemona remaining still from fearful adoration; Portia from a calm sense of right; Juliet throwing herself completely into the situation of the speaker. Desdemona's timid self-consciousness drowned in the sense of things more important—Portia duly apportioning all subjects of interest, neglecting none in too great attention to another, not speechless from excitement, not carried away by enthusiasm, not absorbed by loving self-depreciation.

The approach of death sweetens the disposition, banishes mean and secondary passions, and teaches a consideration of the future interests of those whose present gratification only has been hitherto meditated. Antony now wisely thinks for Cleopatra, as he had not done for himself, or such would not be his plight—real heart-touching sorrow in the end is hers. Yet her first thought is for self, as it generally happens. "Hast thou no care of me?" It is not until she has expended her lamentations on the primary cause, the lost lover, that she is entirely overwhelmed. Woe truly equalises. For no future now did she care; grief would not permit her to make light of her afflictions, or to fancy that they could ever be alleviated—no castle-building—no scheming, fanciful, and picturesque—no distant colonies now to be founded—no queenship—no womanhood recollected—no more conquests of men's hearts and persons dreamt of—misery she now takes to her bosom as if enamoured of it—now women only can be her confidants—as women always are the only genuine sympathisers, the only true consolers—brother to sister, and sister to sister, tell their grievances—such is the irreversible law of nature, and women are our ministering spirits. Those most prone in their triumphant hours to consider only men, in their moments of trial and humiliation derive their best support from woman's heart. If she could have imagined any treasure laid up in the future for her, she would not have reproached destiny, in the expectancy that present bereavements would be more than atoned for by future gifts.

She does not desire that others should be afflicted, as is ever the case with true mourners: they have not time to be vexed with those who are apparently unsympathising; it is not real grief which is fretted and jealous of appearances; the voice of such proclaims, "I only have cause to weep; none is so tried as I; be not ye sad, I may replace that loss to you which in my instance can never be repaired. They make a monopoly, so to speak, of infelicity. Cleopatra's sorrow is not silent as Desdemona's would have been, nor philosophical as Portia's, nor impetuous and concentrated as Juliet's; but it is musical, harmonious, and fluent in its expression, as well as pathetic. There is an activity and strength of resolution exhibited in the close of her bewailings, which prepare us for her heroic exit.

Proculeius was a man of honour, and Antony, therefore, feeling at last the value of morality, recommended Cleopatra to put her trust in him, forgetting that very duty would lead him to embrace and hold steadfastly to the interests of Cæsar—forgetting that duty, unless accompanied by a warm heart and generous impulses, is often cruel, and, in endeavouring to act wisely, acts merely demoniacally. Why place duty above feeling? Morose, hard-hearted, unsympathising men, injuring far more than benefiting the cause of society, may yet be swayed, as they fancy, by the pures,

and most upright motives; dry pursuance of a set system of integrity is often displayed by those obtuse in intellect, who are dull of imagination and unapt to be affected by external circumstances; and what is their religion but narrow-souled bigotry, like that of Queen Mary and Bishop Bonner! Or if they possess fancy and susceptibility of impression, dulness only applying truisms to suit their own wicked, confined, and limited purposes, as with the covenanters, Balfour of Burleigh, &c., the murderers of Sharpe. Dolabella was a man of excitability, and, as well as Proculeius, acted in unison with his prevailing characteristic; he reminds us of George Douglas at Lochleven Castle with the lovely Queen of Scotland; so enamoured was he of her whose mind, engrossed with other topics of vital import, had scarcely a thought to spare for love. Yet there is, necessarily, a certain tenderness in the manner of the heroine and queen to him who disinterestedly, nay self-sacrificingly, advocates her sinking cause, which he deems to repay him for all his sighs, and cares, and labours. His is not the worst character who can afford praises to a fallen enemy. The meanly spiteful will assail even after death; but the petty-souled are thus dull, to their own hurt, injuring and not promoting their interests. The pleasure of safety in Antony's defeat was heightened by the appreciation of his abilities to harm, if success had crowned his efforts; so, with enlightenment, the noble Romans gave his memory its full due.

As, in Shakspeare's inimitable characters, the woman is always considered before the heroine,—that is, nature before picture-like and most wearied propriety,—so Cleopatra does not starch or stiffen herself; though capable of the wildest heroism, she does not consider pedantry a necessary adjunct to augment the value of her deeds, as a foolish blue-stocking deems pretension a becoming assertion and proof of her learnedness. What a charm, in books as well as life, is this unsophisticatedness; but, alas! it is only genius which can shield it from vulgarity. The charming Miss Austin is often below *par*; and yet genuine nature is never vulgar; it is the mixture of needless accompaniments, of the common and undignified effects of the unions of society which produces this inelegance, not truth itself, which has a naked, simple, melodious majesty that obtains the heart of every worthy and guileless child of nature. Cleopatra, then, does not make much of herself, assume state, or fold herself up in heroic robes, doing and saying nothing, but leaving it to be supposed that she meditates with private grandeur. She bends to the haughty victor, herself prouder than he. With a sense of worldly advantages, she is determined not to fling away golden opportunities; and if it is doomed that she herself should be abased, she yet supplicates that her heirs may be spared, pardoned, and benefitted. Augustus's policy is great, but Cleopatra's knowledge of human nature superior. He goes the best way to work with her; that is, if he is determined to maintain his equilibrium, for the only real method of securing her would be to yield his heart to her fascinations. This he neither chooses, nor has inclination for; he prefers being his own master, rather than the possession of Elysian pleasures. Not like his uncle will he contend. He feels that, with him, prevention is safer than cure, and he has not the genius of the first Cæsar to retrieve errors, if once committed. Here was the only method by which he could have deceived or imposed on Cleopatra; but a counterfeit passion would have been of no avail; detected by her, the artifice would have incensed her. She would have been enraged at the imposition dared to be practised on her, and resented it in the extreme. But though from her disposition to love, ten to one, if Augustus had been ensnared by her, she would have given way to the new flame, yet she had no longing for the conquest. She far more enjoyed being allowed to exhibit her constancy, to feed on the remembrance of her past felicity, to taste the pleasures of imaginative memory, when she dreams of being fondled again—to be permitted to idolize Antony in secrecy, proudly to elevate him above all others born of women, to luxuriate, by retrospect, in her past fate, to enhance the estimate of her bereavement, and to believe that none but she could fall from such a height—none but she suffer such a loss. She affirmed, too, or would do so, that though the devotion of Augustus were placed at her feet, she would refuse and despise it. She had an elasticity of genius, and out of worst afflictions drew matter of enjoyment—they were, to her, novelty, experience, variety, knowledge, power, information, capability. Sorrow, thus, was nutrient to her; the contemplation of death had wherewithal that was agreeable. Her shrewdness, too, enables her to discern the drawbacks in a conqueror's good fortune; and, therefore, grumbling not at his success, she simply reflects on the thorn attending his rose. Thus by comparison we heighten our gratifications, and by fancy's powers we expand our joys.

There is dignity in Cleopatra's, by her candor, frustrating the intentions of her enemies, who meant to thrust seeming obligations on her, inducing her to trust in, and receive, nominal favours from her bitterest foe: we are above the person from whom we refrain to accept service. Proculeius considered it his duty to Cæsar partially to deceive the queen; thus thousands do evil, that some good may arise from it. There is a volubility, a clever, careless, fearless display of internalities in her passion, which could not have been exhibited by our three former friends. The refinement of modesty withheld them. They lived in a more refined circle; they did not want to blazon to the world their feelings, though thereby they secured sympathy on a grander scale. They had not the panting for extended fame which inspires the authoress, the public singer, the actress, and such a warrior as Joan of Arc, such an assassin as Charlotte Corday, such a woman as Cleopatra. An! is there not a quiet, enviable dignity in those contented with their simple, single sphere, which the ultra-ambitious lack? But in the former class there are the contemptibly frivolous, as in the latter the narrowly envious. There is more fretfulness in Cleopatra's manner to the loving Dolabella than she had displayed even to the treacherous Proculeius; but she of superior attractiveness is only rendered more *piquante* by her *spiritual* snappishness to those that like or dislike; and to the timidly up-looking, ambitiously-loving, who think their own deserts unfathomably mean in comparison of their lady's, there is a sad, sober satisfaction in listening to her praises of another, if a departed rival. Such an amount of love, except on their own part to her, they had hardly conceived; and how delightful if such might be devoted to their grateful and ineffably enraptured selves! A woman, too, often most attracts a man when, instead

of bestowing her ideas on him and his immediate presence, she abstractedly exercises her powers on another subject—it may be, even, another lover. She can thus demonstrate her capabilities, without the semblance or reality of display; she can expose her feelings without the restraint which must have checked them if excited by one in company; she can express her sentiments fully by the aid of an intermediate subject; and when, in this manner, she has delicately elicited love and admiration, she may turn for information, support, and sympathy, to the charmed hearer enlisted, now and for ever, beneath her banners. It is his pride to serve so talented a mistress; one so *loving*; (this is *her* and every woman's most distinguishing attribute;) one so *loveable*; (and this epithet is her greatest praise.)

Octavius, keeping his eyes downcast during his interview with her, and restraining from meeting her sunny, subduing glance, was a tribute to her power; but a provoking tribute, for which she resolved to make him pay. Why should he refuse to be her slave? Mightier, greater than he had voluntarily yielded to the force of her charms. And her ability gave her greatly the advantage during the rencontre. He was *arowedly* affected and restrained, fearful of committing or trusting himself too far, reading a lesson to those who are sincerely desirous not to be conquered; the rash are too often defeated. Cleopatra had, on the contrary, ease of deportment and perfect command of herself, playing her cards well, though she feared and hated her visiter. She was confessional, submissive, almost loving in demeanor, lest he should suspect her aversion and mischievous intentions.—He might, in consequence, readily flatter himself that she was as anxious to conquer him as she had been to master feeling; and, knowing that her affections usually accompanied her interests, he might ask himself why she should not already have been half-seas over in liking the present glorious head of the empire. He did not know that he was at present pursuing the worst possible course to secure her. While he seemed over-wise, he was but foolish in reality—(extremes meet;) his mode of proceeding could accomplish no purpose. Why did he visit her? Not to gain her affections, or he would have sympathetically gazed on her—solely to gloat over her in triumph, then. Let him do so, for it shall be his last opportunity.—By his entreating her not to pursue in Antony's footsteps, he manifested what a point he made of her being a *live* victim, corroborating Dolabella's statement that he hoped to exhibit her at his triumphal entry to his capital city, as a star in his diadem, a princely feather in his cap. Seleucus, like the schoolmaster who volunteered to betray his noble pupils to Camillus, deserved to be whipped for his pains; and there is a folly in such viciousness which defeats its own design; the best mode of acquiring the esteem of him now in power, is to maintain faith with him who has been so: this fidelity proves worthiness: the sudden turn-coat is ever trampled and despised, however the slower and more prudent one may be valued, who seems to alter only because his reason is convinced, his veneration inspired by present far superior worth. The wisdom Seleucus, in his mode of presenting the list, was like that of the "unjust steward." How very meek it all at once rendered the bearing of Cleopatra! It was natural that she should have held back some value to present to her faithful friends after death, and to uphold her power and consequence during life; however, like Ananias and Sapphira, she merited detection. Now she hated Augustus more, since her false slave had put her in his power; she stood revealed in her double-mindedness to his cold, penetrating gaze. How wittily, without positively accusing any one else, she gives it to be understood, when rid of the espionage of the blabbing Seleucus, that another, not she, was guilty of the deception, as with little Benjamin and the silver cup—a friend making a false estimate of what would be to her advantage thus abstracted; and Augustus, glad of the circumstance which enabled him to act the high and generous victor, is vastly condescending; the recollection of which afterwards working her fury to a higher pitch; however, at present, the oil of his discourse unavoidably mollifies. And words from the emperor of the world are no trifles, and must not be disregarded. Cleopatra's sense of the baseness of her present degree prevents us considering it mean: those who are lowered in rank, and yet who proudly will not pretend to believe they have lost ground, are objects of scorn. She knows, if the comparative degradation, the remaining capacities of her position, and thus enhances its value.

If there was a voluptuousness in the tone of Antony's last thoughts, was there not a richer and deeper in those of Cleopatra, while she recalled the most luxurious day of her life, and heightened the colouring of present things by the comparison and association with past? The assumption of her crown and robes was characteristic, like the perseverance with which Mary Stuart clung to her queenhood, refusing to acknowledge the right of nobles to try and convict her who was their head and chief. Even kings had no right to be the judges of her who was their equal; at least they rarely or never assume it, unless their own authority being firmly established, while that of the erring sovereign totters, it becomes probable that, by interfering, they may serve their own interest, at the same time that they injure those of their competitor! How different, though, the pleasures and pains of their latter end! One triumphing in the power of committing suicide—feeding her revenge by the deed; proving her heroism, her changeless, devoted love; dying in the prime of her beauty; leaving her classic form, unmutilated, to the admiration of all, even the foes whom she spited. The other, waxed old and feeble, and prematurely unhealthy, from harsh confinement and severe treatment; bars of cold iron and bare stone walls had been her familiaris, as well as the gloomy gaoler and fitful tyrant, who was instigated by one still more venomous, stern, and unforgiving; and, the bitterness of it, by her sister, her cousin, but, at the same time, her rival, and of the same sex; therefore, the more unmitigated was their hatred! No lover had she; hidden from humanity, her fair face was almost forgotten; a thing to be remembered, rather than presently powerful to thrill and tyrannise the senses; without a husband to whom she could prove devotion: no voluntary self-sacrifice, no glowing excitement, to make the death-pang unfelt and disregarded: a cutting off against the will, while the flesh clung to that bleak and desolate life alone afforded. She had, it is true, sympathy from handmaids, (as Cleopatra, from Charmian and Iras;) but it was the sympathy of misery, not that of victory and joy. What husband could she call on? To what friendly

particular bosom did she hasten? The beauty, which had been hers, was wasted and gone; her cheeks were wan: her beauteous head was severed from the voiceless and inanimate trunk; and in a strange land, without her people's presence and love, no circumstance to stimulate her to nobility of action; the voice of praise mute as that of sorrow; her enemy, even, was not to have her feelings graced, her remorse awakened, by a sight of the lifeless body; no grateful tribute was offered to her memory of earnest admiration and declared concern, though her remains were treated to the mocking "pageantry of a pompous funeral."

This mention of Antony by the term of *husband* sanctifies the whole play; we need no compunction, now, for having so long meditated on its queenly heroine. She is chastened and elevated by her latter end. How touching, simple, pure, sisterly, angelic, is the love which women sometimes possess for each other! How *Juliet-like*, how lover-like, the idea, the fear, that Iras first should meet Antony in another world, and forestal or anticipate the sudden bliss of their encounter! The piece were rendered worthy of its author by this sole sentiment. How intoxicating—like balm—soporific as the still fragrance of eve—like the partial lethargy of the opium-eater, is the lassitude of our friend as she warbles

"Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?"

And with the lamentation of her noble, faithful Charmian, about for, and with her, herself to die, we may appropriately close. There is a satisfactoriness in the admiration of females for each other; it is impartial and well founded. It tells well for the praised, and, more especially, for the praiser; the senses do not here carry away, nor passion, nor interest, nor imagination, nor caprice. It is a sober, subdued, softened, sunset reality—sweet, poetic, fanciful, refined, and delicate. It is, in a word, feminine. There is much grace in Charmian's final arrangements of the corpse; let us, with her, once more admiringly gaze on that chiselled brow, and then, sighingly, not unpleasurably, say adieu.

N. R. Q.

CONVERSATION ON FISHING.

BY SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

Phys. There is another celebrated man, however, who has abused thus your patriarch, Lord Byron, and that in terms not very qualified. He calls him, as well as I can recollect, "A quaint, old, cruel coxcomb."* I must say, a practice of this great fisherman, where he recommends you to pass the hook through the body of a frog with care, as though you loved him, in order to keep him alive longer, cannot but be considered as cruel.

Hal. I do not justify either the expression or the practice of Walton in this instance; but remember I fish only with inanimate baits, or imitations of them; and I will not exhume or expose the ashes of the dead, vindicate the memory of Walton, at the expense of Byron, who, like Johnson, was no fisherman; but the moral and religious habits of Walton, his simplicity of manners, and his well spent life, exonerate him from the charge of cruelty; and the book of a coxcomb would not have been so great a favourite with most persons of refined taste. If you require a poetical authority against that of Lord Byron, I mention the philosophical and powerful poet of the lakes, and the author of

"An Orphic tale indeed,—

A tale divine, of high and passionate thoughts,
To their own music chanted,"—

who is a lover both of fly-fishing and fly-fishermen. Gay's poems you know, and his passionate fondness for the amusement, which was his principal occupation in the summer, at Amesbury; and the late excellent John Tobin, author of the *Honeymoon*, was an ardent angler.

Phys. I am satisfied with your poetical authorities.

Hal. Nay, I can find authorities of all kinds,—statesmen, heroes, and philosophers. I can go back to Trajan, who was fond of angling. Nelson was a good fly-fisher; and, as a proof of his passion for it, continued the pursuit even with his left hand. Dr. Paley was ardently attached to this amusement,—so much so, that when the Bishop of Durham inquired of him when one of his most important works would be finished, he said, with great simplicity and good-humour, "My lord, I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing season is over;" as if this were a business of his life. And I am rather reserved in introducing living characters, or I could give a list of the highest names in Britain, belonging to modern times, in science, letters, arts, and arms, who are ornaments of this fraternity, to use the expression borrowed from the freemasonry of our forefathers.

Phys. I do not find much difficulty in understanding why warriors, and even statesmen, fishers of men, many of whom I have known particularly fond of hunting and shooting, should likewise be attached to angling; but I own I am at a loss to find reasons for a love of this pursuit amongst philosophers and poets.

Hal. The search after food is an instinct belonging to our nature; and from the savage, in his rudest and most primitive state, who destroys a piece of game, or a fish, with a club or spear, to man in the most cultivated state of society, who employs artifice, machinery, and the resources of various other animals, to secure his object, the origin of the pleasure is similar, and its object the same; but that kind of it requiring most art may be said to characterise man in his highest, or intellectual, state; and the fisher for salmon and trout with the fly employs not only machinery to assist his physical powers, but applies sagacity to conquer difficulties; and the pleasure derived from ingenious resources and devices, as well as from active pursuit, belongs to this amusement. Then, as to philosophical tendency; it is a pursuit of moral discipline, requiring patience, forbearance, and command of temper. As connected with natural science, it may be vaunted as demanding a knowledge of the habits of a considera-

* From *Don Juan*, canto xiii., stanza 106.

"And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says;
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it."

ble tribe of created beings,—fishes, and the animals that they prey upon; and an acquaintance with the signs and tokens of the weather, and its changes; the nature of waters, and of the atmosphere. As to its poetical relation, it carries us into the most wild and beautiful scenery of nature, amongst the mountain lakes and the clear and lovely streams that gush from the higher ranges of elevated hills, or that make their way through the cavities of calcareous strata. How delightful in the early spring, after the dull and tedious time of winter, when the frosts disappear, and the sunshine warms the earth and waters, to wander forth by some clear stream to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odours of the bank perfumed by the violet, and enamelled as it were with the primrose and the daisy,—to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee,—and on the surface of the waters to view the gaudy flies, sparkling like animated gems in the sunbeams, whilst the bright and beautiful trout is watching them from below,—to hear the twittering of the water-birds, who, alarmed at your approach, rapidly hide themselves beneath the flowers and leaves of the water-lily,—and, as the season advances, to find all these objects changed for others of the same kind, but better and brighter, till the swallow and the trout contend as it were for the gaudy May-fly, and till, in pursuing your amusement in the calm and balmy evening, you are serenaded by the songs of the cheerful thrush and melodious nightingale, performing the offices of paternal love in thickets ornamented with the rose and woodbine.

Phys. All these enjoyments might be obtained without the necessity of torturing and destroying an unfortunate animal, that the true lover of nature would wish to see happy in a scene of loveliness.

Hal. If all men were Pythagoreans, and professed the Brahmin's creed, it would undoubtedly be cruel to destroy any form of animated life; but if fish are to be eaten, I see no more harm in capturing them by skill and ingenuity, with an artificial fly, than in pulling them out of the water by main force with the net; and in general, when taken by the common fishermen, fish are permitted to die slowly, and to suffer in the air from the want of their natural element; whereas, every good angler, as soon as his fish is landed, either destroys his life immediately, if he is wanted for food, or returns him into the water.

Phys. But do you think nothing of the torture of the hook, and the fear of capture, and the misery of struggling against the powerful rod?

Hal. I have already admitted the danger of analysing too closely the moral character of any of our field-sports, yet I think it cannot be doubted, that the nervous system of fish, and cold-blooded animals in general, is less sensitive than that of warm-blooded animals. The hook usually is fixed in the cartilaginous part of the mouth, where there are no nerves; and a proof that the sufferings of a hooked fish cannot be great, is found in the circumstance, that though a trout has been hooked and played for some minutes, he will often, after his escape, with the artificial fly in his mouth, take the natural fly, and feed as if nothing had happened, having, apparently, learnt only from the experiment, that the artificial fly is not proper food. And I have caught pikes with four or five hooks in their mouths, and tackle which they had broken only a few minutes before; and the hooks seemed to have had no other effect than that of serving as a sort of *sauve piquante*, urging them to seize another morsel of the same kind.

Phys. Fishes are mute, and cannot plead, even in the way that birds and quadrupeds do, their own cause; yet the instances you quote only prove the intense character of these appetites, which seem not so moderate as Whiston imagined, in his strange philosophical romance on the Deluge, in which he supposes, that in the ante-diluvian world the heat was much greater than in this, and that all terrestrial and aerial animals had their passions so exalted by this high temperature, that they were lost in sin, and destroyed for their crimes: but that fish, living in a cooler element, were more correct in their lives, and were therefore spared from the destruction of the primitive world. You have only proved by your examples the intensity of the appetite of hunger in fishes.

Hal. This is likewise in favour of my argument, that the sensibility of this class of animals to physical pain is comparatively small.

Phys. The advocates of a favourite pursuit never want sophisms to defend it. I have even heard it asserted, that a hare enjoys being hunted; yet I will allow that fly-fishing, after your vindication, appears amongst the least cruel of field-sports; I can go no further; as I have never thought of trying it, I can say nothing of its agreeableness as an amusement, compared with hunting and shooting.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOUIS XVI.

His Flight from Paris, &c. &c., suggested by reading a Diary kept by the King himself.

On the 20th of June, 1791, about midnight, the King, the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, Madame de Tournel, the governess of the children of France, disguised themselves, and one by one left the palace. Madame de Tournel, with the children, hastened to the Petit Carrousel, and got into a carriage driven by M. de Fersen, a young foreign nobleman, disguised as a coachman. The King immediately joined them. But the Queen, who had gone out accompanied by a garde-du-corps, gave them all the utmost alarm. Neither she nor her guide knew the way: they lost it, and did not get to the Petit Carrousel till an hour afterwards. On arriving there she met the carriage of M. de Lafayette, whose servants carried torches. She concealed herself under the gateway of the Louvre; and, escaping this danger, reached the carriage where she was so anxiously waited for. Thus reunited, the family set out. After a long drive, and a second loss of their way, they arrived at the Porte St. Martin, and got into a berline with six horses, which was waiting to receive them. Madame de Tournel, under the name of Madame Kroff, was to pass for a mother travelling with her children; the King was to personate her valet-de-chambre, and three gardes-du-corps, in disguise, were to precede the carriage as couriers, or follow it as servants. At length they got clear of

Paris, accompanied by the prayers of M. de Fersen, who returned to Paris in order to take the road to Brussels.

The circumstances attending the arrest of the royal family at Varennes are too well known to require repetition. The King, it would appear, brought this misfortune upon himself by constantly putting his head out of the carriage-window. In consequence of this imprudence, he was recognised at Châlons; but the person who made the discovery, and who was at first disposed to reveal it, was persuaded by the mayor, a zealous royalist, to say nothing. When the travellers got to St. Menehould, the King, still with his head out at the window, was recognised by young Drouet, the postmaster's son, who immediately set off full speed to Varennes, the next stage, where he arrived before the King, and took measures to stop his further progress. In this extremity the Queen took the lead, and displayed so much energy in insisting on being allowed to proceed, that she seems at one time to have almost succeeded. The King at first wished to preserve his incognito, and a warm altercation took place; one of the municipal officers maintaining that he knew him to be the King. "Since you recognise him for your King, then," said the Queen, "address him with the respect which you owe him!"

About six in the morning, M. Romeuf, an aid-de-camp of Lafayette, who had been sent after the fugitives, bearing a decree of the National Assembly for their arrest, arrived at Varennes, and found the carriage and six in readiness, and the horses' heads turned towards Paris. Romeuf, with an air of grief, handed the decree to the King. The whole family joined in exclaiming against Lafayette: Romeuf said that his general and himself had only done their duty in pursuing them, but had hoped they should not come up with them. The Queen seized the decree, threw it on her children's bed, and then snatched it up, and threw it away, saying it would sully them. "Madam," said Romeuf, who was devoted to her, "would you choose that any other than I should witness this violence?" The Queen instantly recovered herself, and resumed her wonted dignity.

Some details of the journey of the captive monarch and his family back to Paris, are given by Madame Campan, who had them from the mouth of the Queen herself. They left Varennes amid the shouts and yells of an outrageous multitude, who during the night had assembled from all quarters. One of the most strange phenomena, we may remark, in the French Revolution, was, the sudden and general exhibition of ferocity throughout the population of that great country. It was not merely in Paris and other great towns, where the people were most immediately accessible to the influence of political agitation, that this dreadful spirit displayed itself. It was *everywhere*—in the most remote and secluded rural districts; and, even the hitherto light-hearted, good-humoured, inoffensive peasantry seemed, by some devilish spell, transformed into swarms of blood-thirsty canibals. To what shall we ascribe such a change in the aspect of the national character?—was this ferocity generated, or was it a dormant quality merely awakened and developed by the circumstances of the time? We fear that the latter supposition is the true one, and that Voltaire's description of a Frenchman as being a compound of the monkey and the tiger, was founded on a penetrating observation of the character of his countrymen. This lamentable change, too, took place long before the quarrel between the sovereign and the representatives of the people had reached desperate height; before the destruction of the monarchy was avowedly the object of any political party, and when the only question was the extent of the limitations to be imposed on the constitutional power of the Crown. The bloody and atrocious scenes which took place at Versailles in October 1789, and diffused their baneful influence with the rapidity of a pestilence all over the kingdom, had no justification on the ground of the violence of public convulsion: nor, can it be believed for a moment, (and, indeed, there is ample experience to the contrary,) that such a degree of political agitation as then existed in France, would have driven an English multitude, even the poorest and most ignorant classes, to the perpetration of such cold-blooded horrors as those which, on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of October 1789, disgraced the name of France. "The English populace," says Sir Walter Scott, "will huzza, swear, threaten, break windows, and throw stones at the life-guards engaged in dispersing them; but, if a soldier should fall from his horse, the rabble, after enjoying a laugh at his expense, would lend a hand to lift him to his saddle again. A French mob would tear him limb from limb, and parade the fragments in triumph upon their pikes."

No sooner had the cavalcade got out of Varennes than the Chevalier de Dampierre, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, and one of the King's faithful adherents, was seized by the surrounding multitude, and savagely murdered close beside the carriage, and before the eyes of its unfortunate occupants. A few leagues further on, a poor village curate had the rashness to approach the carriage, for the purpose of speaking to the King. The mob, who still surrounded the carriage, flew upon him, threw him down, and trampled upon him; and, had it not been for the interposition of Barnare, the commissioner of the National Assembly, who was in the carriage with the royal family, and whose indignant exclamations arrested the fury of the multitude, the clergyman would have been instantly torn to pieces.

Barnare, and Petion the notorious Mayor of Paris, had been sent by the National Assembly to meet the fugitives, and bring them back to Paris. They took their places in the carriage, along with the King and his family. Barnare sat on one side, between the King and Queen; Petion on the other, between Madame Elizabeth and the young princess. The Dauphin rested alternately on the knees of his parents and his aunt. Barnare, a member of the moderate party, and a man of worth and talent, was polite and gentlemanlike in his behaviour, while Petion conducted himself with true republican rudeness. "He ate and drank," says Madame Campan, "in the most slovenly manner, tossing his chicken-bones out of the windows, at the risk of throwing them in the King's face; and, raising his glass, without saying a word, when Madame Elizabeth helped him to wine, by way of showing that he had enough. This offensive conduct was adopted on purpose, because Petion was a man of education. The King entered into conversation with Petion on the situation of France, and the motives of his own conduct, which were founded on the necessity of giv-

ing the executive power a degree of strength necessary for the support of the constitution itself, because France could not be a republic. "Not yet, indeed," said Petion, "because the French are not quite ripe for it."

This audacious and brutal answer put an end to the conversation, and the King remained silent all the way to Paris. Petion, while talking, was holding the little Dauphin on his knees, and amusing himself with twisting the child's fair curls round his fingers. In the heat of his discourse he pulled the poor boy's hair so hard as to make him cry out.

"Give me my son," said the Queen; "he is used to care and attention, which indispose him for these familiarities."

Thiers, and some other authorities say, that the journey from Varennes to Paris took eight days; and this, at first, threw suspicion on the genuineness of the King's diary, according to which he left Varennes on the morning of Wednesday, the 22nd, and arrived at Paris on the morning of Saturday, the 25th; three days in all. But this is correct, according to Thiers himself, who afterwards says, "The effect of the journey to Varennes was to destroy all respect for the King, to accustom the public to the idea of doing without him, and to produce the desire for a republic. On the very morning of his arrival (Saturday, the 25th of June), the Assembly had provided for everything by a decree, whereby Louis XVI. was suspended from his functions, and a guard placed over his person, and those of the Queen and the Dauphin.—Sentinels," adds this historian, "watched continually at their door, and never lost sight of them. One day the King, wishing to ascertain whether he was actually a prisoner, appeared at a door; the sentinel opposed his passage.

"Do you know me?" said the King.

"Yes, sire," answered the soldier. The King was allowed merely to walk in the Tuileries in the morning, before the garden was open to the public.

On the 16th of July, the commissioners appointed by the Assembly to inquire into the affair of Varennes, presented their report, exculpating the King, and declaring the inviolability of his person. This report produced a violent commotion among the Jacobin party, headed by Robespierre, Petion, and others; and a petition against it was exhibited upon an altar in the Champ de Mars, to be signed by all who chose it. A great tumult ensued: Lafayette arrived, at the head of a body of military, who fired upon the people, and dispersed them with great slaughter, though not till they had torn to pieces two or three soldiers.

There are only two occasions on which the King mentions his wife and children, and quits his habitual conciseness to indulge in ampler details. These are accounts of the Queen's accouchements, more resembling the official reports of a court chamberlain than the narrative of an anxious husband and father.

There is a good deal more to the same purpose, and the whole is cold, stiff, and formal. Such, however, is the only way in which the monarch ever mentions his wife or his children. He never makes the slightest allusion to any of those little family incidents which, it might be supposed, would occupy the mind of a husband and a parent, and would naturally have a prominent place in a private record of domestic occurrences. The total silence of his diary on such subjects is a proof of the extreme coldness of Louis's nature, and accords with the strange and unaccountable indifference with which he treated the beautiful princess, to whom he was married in the very flower of his age. Her charms, her graces, her talents, her accomplishments, made no impression on her youthful husband. He remained for years a stranger to her society and to her bed; and it was more to his taste to spend his days in hunting and lock-making, than to share in her elegant and intellectual pastimes. Gradually, however, she acquired the influence of a strong mind over a weak one; his indolence, vacillation, and timidity found resources in her courage, energy, and decision; and his original indifference, and even aversion, was at length succeeded by unbounded deference and submission, and by a degree of passive acquiescence in the dictates of her proud and impetuous spirit, which probably hastened the ruin of both.

But "sweet are the uses of adversity;" and the effect of calamity has never been more apparent in exalting and purifying the character, than in the instances of Louis the Sixteenth and his Queen. Their latter days have thrown a radiance over their memory. Had the reign of Louis been tranquil, and had he ended his days in peace, what would have been his character with posterity? That of the most imbecile monarch that ever sat on the throne of France,—of a man without passions, affections, or capacity,—sunk in sloth, and making the most frivolous amusements the occupation of his life. The Queen, too, how would she have been described? As vain, haughty, and imperious,—the votary alternately of pleasure and of ambition, and dividing her life between dissipation and intrigue. Their faults were nourished, and their virtues blighted, by the atmosphere of the most corrupted court in Europe. The great and good qualities, of which they themselves were probably unconscious, and of which the world would never have been aware,—which in the season of prosperity were dormant and almost extinct, were roused into action by the rude hand of misfortune; and it was when this illustrious pair were "fallen from their high estate" that they presented one of the noblest as well as most affecting spectacles that ever has engaged the admiration and sympathy of the world.

MORE COLLINEOMANIA.

A FIT, BROUGHT ON BY LOOKING AT A PICTURE OF WOODCOCK SHOOTING:

SUFFERED BY J. CYPRESS, JR.

White, in his "Natural History of Selbourne," calls the Woodcock "Scolopax," simply. Latham dubbed him "Scolopax Rusticola." Wilson christens him "Scolopax minor." This is, probably, the true patronymic of the American bird, as he is a "minor,"—smaller animal than that described by the ornithologists of the old world. If you go to Delmonico's, to eat out of season, you will ask of "la Bécasse," and be mistaken for a Frenchman, and get a private room, and so, perhaps, avoid detection. Sportsmen, generally, among themselves, talk of killing "cock;" but if

they meet an old woman in the woods, and want information where to beat, they ask her if she "has seen any *blind snipes*." A straggling boy will pocket your sixpence, and send you up a rugged mountain, on whose other side he will assure you there are "plenty of woodcocks," and you will go and find, after a weary travel, that you have had your tramp after *red-headed wood-peckers*.

Seeing, therefore, that the nomenclature is uncertain, and sometimes undignified, reducing a much valued visitor to the caste of a common dunghill chanticleer; and, moreover, as this is the age of reform of unworthy names, we propose to introduce to our readers the excellent subject of this article by his true title of "Scolopax minor." Let him have honour and welcome under that designation. He is cousin germain to "Scolopax Gallinago," (commonly called the "English" snipe,—undeservedly, too,—for he is a native-born "Alleganian,") and feeds on similar food,—though he uses less salt than his aforesaid relative,—and speaks the same language, differing, only a little, in dialect. Listen to the one in latter August, in the corn-fields, and to the other in decaying Autumn, on his boggy meadows, and you will hear them speak their true name, when you flush them. Only Sc. minor is fainter in his utterance, and in breeding season, and in the woods, utters other voices. But both have, undoubtedly, derived their family name from their cry,—their Scolopaxian "good bye," "I'm off." Anatomize the word, and take out the vowels, which, when a bird is in a hurry, he cannot be expected to have time to put in. Try it. SCOLPX! The *trail* is out, but is not the body of the sound perfect?

We like the whole tribe of bipeds belonging to this ordo, whether allied to the genus of long-billed Curlew, Heron, Sandpiper, or any other created or manufactured species. They are the only people who come to us with *long bills*, whom we are particularly anxious to see. If any boy of *theirs* comes to us and says, "here is your bill, Sir,"—kick him out!—we do not. We are more likely to be kicked in our own shoulder by the reaction of the hearty greeting with which we welcome him. We make a point (if we are on the upland, our dog does, too,) to return the heaviest compliments for the presentation, so that we sometimes overwhelm our visitor with confusion and faintness, by the warmth and pressure of our reception.

But as we have a right to pick our friends, so we have to pick our birds:—our enemy would say—the first to the pocket, the last to the bone. We would take issue on that allegation, and set the case down for hearing, in Chancery, upon pleadings and proofs,—to be heard in 1841, and decided in 1857. Decision doubtful. The distributor of justice might have had a good *pick* at his dinner, or he might have a bad *pique* against the complaining or defending sinner, and the cause would have to run the gauntlet. Trust to luck. Luck sometimes operates like a powerful argument. Kaines overlooked it in his book on Rhetoric. So did Blair. Collins says nothing about it in his Ode on the Passions. Malthus had a glimpse of the truth, but he was afraid to tell fully his imperfect vision. His apocalypse is not revealed. Wait. Meantime, we will pick Master Scolopax out from the company of all the long-bills, and deliver him to *sacrificial fire*.

Mark! there's a bird! While we were rambling on, you, dear reader, unconsciously and harmless (for he has no fangs) trod upon a black snake; and we flushed a quail; but October 25th was not yet, and he was safe. There, now, is a *cock*—a *woodcock*,—Scolopax minor. See how splendidly, cautiously, patronizingly, hungrily, Jim Crow stands! Splendidly,—for the reputation of his own nose and figure; cautiously,—for his master's chance to see the bird rise; patronizingly,—for the benefit of the unhappy victim, [even as a carpenter landlord smiles upon a widow tenant of a single room in his miserable structure, called a house, in the eighth ward, paying weekly in advance, one quarter of the value of the whole tenement, when he distrains and sells the portrait of her husband, and her last silver spoon, for the rent not yet earned]; hungrily,—not with selfish, animal appetite—for a good dog eats no birds—but with generous consideration for your own teeth, after his careful lips had tasted the taste of the feathers, which his full-crowded mouth will soon bring to you un-ruffled.

That suggestion is for your imagination's sake, dear pupil; but you may make it fact if you can spare a thousand dollars, and buy Jim. In the engraving antecedent, which we had rather illustrate with powder and shot and wet boots, than with pen and ink, is exhibited a variation of the exciting toil. Scolopax is there, heaven-bound. Doubly so: for there is a messenger after him to bring him to (by him) an undesired Paradise. He may, unless he can fly faster than the leaden missile which you see preparing to pursue him, suck his julep by night-fall in another elysium than his own sheltered wood-lake. The setters seem to be at fault, and have, probably, flushed the fugitive. The distance, however, is short, the sight is unobstructed, and the bird is doomed to a deliberate death. Ye, who have not known the beatitude of Scolopaxian collineation, look on with wonder and mute admiration!

There are some unlucky people, who have never enjoyed the acquaintance of Sc. minor. To them we say, cut him not, unless with a delicate knife after he has been embalmed upon a bed of toasted milk-biscuit, with his head resting upon a minute slice of Floridian orange. He belongs to the best society, and is worthy of your recognition. The books of ornithological heraldry give him emblemation. Take Wilson for the authority of your introduction, and learn to know him well. Read this advertisement of his quality, and mistake him not:—"ten inches and a half long, and sixteen inches in extent; bill a brownish flesh colour, black towards the tip, the upper mandible ending in a slight nob, that projects about one tenth of an inch beyond the lower; each grooved, and in length somewhat more than two inches and a half; forehead, line over the eye, and whole lower parts, reddish tawny; sides of the neck inclining to ash; between the eye and bill a slight streak of dark brown; crown, from the forepart of the eye backwards, black, crossed by three narrow bands of brownish white; cheeks marked with a bar of black, variegated with light brown; edges of the back, and of the scapulars, pale bluish white; back and scapulars deep black, each feather tipped or marbled with light brown and bright ferruginous, with numerous fine zig-zag lines of black crossing the lighter parts

quills plain dusky brown; tail black, each feather marked along the outer edge with small spots of pale brown, and ending in narrow tips of a pale drab colour above, and silvery white below; lining of the wing bright rust; legs and feet a pale reddish flesh colour; eye very full and black, seated high, and very far back in the head; weight five ounces and a half, sometimes six."—Why, every feather of his head is counted and labelled! Such is the honourable estimation in which Master Scolopax hath been held among the aristocracy of ornithologists.

Sc. minor is a sort of citizen, although he only rusticates and *squats* among our cedars, or in our deep swamps, as in a summer country-seat. He could bring an action of trespass, and recover damages, for his frequent dispossession, if he could only persuade the Sheriff to summon a jury "*de mediate lingua*." But that mercy is abolished by the Revised Statutes, and he has to take his chance of escape from "forcible entry and detainer," with the rest of the unfortunate proprietors who hold under doubtful titles. He arrives here from the South during the month of February, or just so soon as the thawing mud-puddles will yield to his hungry mandible, and permit him to bore for the delicate larvæ beginning to wake up from their winter's sleep. Love, nification, and good eating, are then his chief employment. At morning and evening twilight he amuses himself with a spiral flutteration above the tree-tops, murmuring an epithalamic song which none but a snipe could compose,—"*dulce modulamine mulcet*,"—while she, his mate, below, nourishes in the rude oak-leaf nest the young victims whom both parents so sedulously prepare for your killing in next July. Fatal first, how the weak-winged chickens tumble! The survivors, in the succeeding month, seek securer and cooler waters further North. Approaching winter brings them back in clusters. Then resound the woods with echoing volleys. October heaps up slaughtered hecatombs. Alas! for the love of blood! The month has come, and our Westley Richards is ready!

We are almost too sentimental to be a good shot. Doubtless, the fear of guiltiness of volucricide may account for many, otherwise unpardonable, misses we have committed, when we have nearly trod upon a bevy of quail; or when a sudden partridge whirred like lightning over a neighbouring thicket, and our fluttering forefinger scattered too long lingering missives among the innocent bushes. On the whole, although a man must do his duty, "painful as it is," (as a Judge would say to a felon whom he is going to sentence to death,) yet it would be better for a collineomaniac to think, now and then, of the desolation he is bringing down upon happy nests; of how many little broods he may cause to starve; of how many robbed mates he will send, nubivagant, whistling and singing tremulous love-notes through the air, vainly searching and calling for their lost spouses, never, never to return! To do so, would have a powerful moral effect upon every sportsman. It would increase the size of his organ of veneration, and diminish the detestable bumps of destructiveness and acquisitiveness. He would not kill more than were needful for his family, a few immediate friends, and his own honour. He would also augment his organ of pity, in two ways: First, by his forbearance, and regret for those doomed birds whom he cannot help cut down; and, secondly, by his consideration for other murderers who are to come after him next day, and who, like him, have wives or sweethearts, and pride. In this latter view of the matter, he would learn another noble lesson. Pity is not only "akin to love," but its sister or brother.—The sex, here, is probably masculine. He would learn to "love his neighbour as himself;" and not, like a grasping gluton, bag all. By all our hopes! we hold that villain a dangerous citizen, who heaps up mounds of unnecessary carcasses, and brags of the numbers he has slaughtered. We distrust his honesty, and think of the potency of silver shot put into the hands of country boys who watch by dusk at ponds. He would shoot at a covey of partridges, skulking by the side of an old log, *upon the ground*! He is a cockney, and no true sportsman, and should be condemned to set snares and shoot for market.

We are thinking now of the breeders and whistlers of our own fields and woods; not of the travelling passengers who merely dip into our waters, and marshes, on their way to the northern springs, and on their return to tropical bayous and hammocks, and who are cosmopolites, and no fellow-countrymen. They are strangers, and may be taken in. Shoot and kill. Yet even for some of these we plead. Break not up the feeding places of the Brant, nor dig a hole near the sanding spot of the goose. Let them have some quiet water-lot, free from taxes, where they may repose after a weary flight, and do not rout them from every broad shallow and hidden nook. If the passion for collineation rages, insatiable, get Raynor Rock, or one of his boys, to row you out into the breakers, and bang away at Scoter, Surf, and Velvet ducks, whom Long Island baymen, unlawfully, call "*Coot*." "Number 2," and heavy loads, and a whiffing skiff, will soon lame your shoulder, and gratify your ambition.

A sportsman is not proven by the numbers he produces, but by the telling of his shots, and by his time. No true gentleman ought to labor on the uplands, soaking his fustian with day-light dew, and dragging weary legs through twilight mud. There might be an honest match made, we admit, touching the number of Cock on a given day. But the event would depend not only upon the skill, coolness, and good dog of the performer, but upon the length and strength of legs, and all the ordinary capacities of a foot racer. He who walks three miles, and kills eighteen birds out of twenty in four hours, and comes home before noon, is entitled to the palm in preference to the painful toiler who tramps all day and blunders down fifty wingtips, missing at every other shot.

Nevertheless, we have been in the solemn woods all day, and have dallied with solitary nature, until dusky evening whispered in our ear to skip and jump down the rough ox-cart precipices, called roads, and when sombre clouds and interwoven branches of tall trees shut out even the light of the flashing torch of the lightning, except when once it shivered, ten yards before us, an enormous oak to whose hypocritical welcome of towery leaves we were hastening for protection from the beginning hail-storm, and when the thunderbolt that burst upon the stricken giant stunned our fearful ears, and threw us trembling back upon a sharp rock which quivered in its tottering tenancy of the edge of a deep ravine, and then plunged down the precipice, leaving us clinging and climbing with desperate strength upon the uncertain sand and crumbling clay. Bear witness, ye mountains of

Haverstraw. Did not the storm scream, and the trees groan, and the cata-racts of mixed hail-stones and torrent-rain-water sweep down the hill-side! Did we not imbibe a hot brandy-sling, when we arrived at Job's, and put on a dry shirt and go to bed! But, were we beating for birds all day?—No, no. Eleven o'clock, A. M., found us, not weary, but languid, by a leaping stream, clear and pure as our Mary's eyes, and of a similar color; and we took out our snitten prey, and smoothed their feathers down, and arranged them in a row, and looked at them, and thought of death, and graves, and then we dipped into the musical water and lipped up Castilian glories, and laved our hot brow, and then fell into a cool resting-place upon some short sweet grass by the side of a hazel-bush, and took from our pocket Thompson's "Seasons," and read, and fell asleep, dreaming of the beautiful Musidora. Musidora cost us a wet jacket, and a heavy cold.—Nothing but thunder could have awakened us from that dream.

We seem to hear even now the murmur of that rivulet, and a woodcock getting up by its side. We are off. Reader, farewell.

EXTRACTS FROM CHATEAUBRIAND.

BONAPARTE'S BURIAL PLACE.

The solitude of Napoleon, in his exile and his tomb, has thrown another kind of spell over a brilliant memory. Alexander did not die in sight of Greece; he disappeared amid the pomp of distant Babylon. Bonaparte did not close his eyes in the presence of France; he passed away in the gorgeous horizon of the torrid zone. The man, who had shown himself in such powerful reality, vanished like a dream; his life, which belonged to history, co-operated in the poetry of his death. He now sleeps for ever, like a hermit or a paria, beneath a willow, in a narrow valley, surrounded by steep rocks, at the extremity of a lonely path. The depth of the silence, which presses upon him, can only be compared to the vastness of that tumult which had surrounded him. Nations are absent; their throng has retired. The bird of the tropics, harnessed to the ear of the sun, as Buffon magnificently expresses it, speeding his flight downwards from the planet of light, rests alone, for a moment, over the ashes, the weight of which has shaken the equilibrium of the globe.

Bonaparte crossed the ocean, to repair to his final exile, regardless of that beautiful sky which delighted Columbus, Vasco de Gama, and Ca-moens. Stretched upon the ship's stern, he perceived not that unknown constellations were sparkling over his head. His powerful glance, for the first time, encountered their rays. What to him were stars which he had never seen from his bivouacs, and which had never shone over his empire? Nevertheless, not one of them has failed to fulfil its destiny; one half of the firmament spread its light over his cradle; the other half was reserved to illuminate his tomb.

WILLIAM Pitt.

Pitt, tall and slender, had an air at once melancholy and sarcastic. His delivery was cold, his intonation monotonous, his action scarcely perceptible; at the same time the lucidness and the fluency of his thoughts, the logic of his arguments, suddenly irradiated with flashes of eloquence, rendered his talent something above the ordinary line.

I frequently saw Pitt walking across St. James's Park, from his own house to the palace. On his part, George the Third arrived from Windsor, after drinking beer out of a pewter pot with the farmers of the neighbourhood; he drove through the mean courts of his mean habitation in a grey chariot, followed by a few of the horse-guards. This was the master of the kings of Europe, as five or six merchants of the city are the masters of India. Pitt, dressed in black, with a steel-hilted sword by his side, and his hat under his arm, ascended, taking two or three steps at a time. In his passage he only met with three or four emigrants who had nothing to do; casting on us a disdainful look, he turned up his nose and his pale face, and passed on.

At home, this great financier kept no sort of order; he had no regular hours for his meals, or for sleep. Over head and ears in debt, he paid nobody, and never could take the trouble to cast up a bill. A *valet-de-chambre* managed his house. Ill dressed, without pleasure, without passion, greedy of power, he despised honours, and would not be any thing more than William Pitt.

In the month of June, 1822, Lord Liverpool took me to dine at his country-house. As we crossed Putney-Heath, he showed me the small house, where the son of Lord Chatham, the statesman who had had Europe in his pay, and distributed with his own hand all the treasures of the world, died in poverty.

DANDYISM OF THE PAST AND PRESENT GENERATION.

Separated from the continent by a long war, the English retained their manners and their national character till the end of the last century. All was not yet machine in the working classes,—folly in the upper classes. On the same pavements, where you now meet squalid figures, and men in frock coats, you were passed by young girls with white tippets, straw hats tied under the chin with a riband, with a basket on the arm, in which was fruit or a book; all kept their eyes cast down, all blushed when one looked at them. Frock coats, without any other, where so unusual in London, in 1793, that a woman, deplored with tears the death of Louis the Sixteenth, said to me, "But, my dear Sir, is it true, that the poor king was dressed in a frock coat when they cut off his head?"

The gentlemen-farmers had not yet sold their patrimony to take up their residence in London; they still formed, in the House of Commons, that independent fraction, which, transferring their support from the opposition to the ministerial side, upheld the ideas of order and propriety. They hunted the fox and shot pheasants in autumn, ate fat goose at Michaelmas, greeted the sirloin with shouts of "Roast beef for ever!" complained of the present, extolled the past, cursed Pitt and the war, which doubled the price of port wine, and went to bed drunk, to begin the same life again on the following day. They felt quite sure, that the glory of Great Britain would not perish, so long as "God save the king" was sung, the rot-

ten boroughs maintained, the game-laws enforced, and hares and partridges could be sold by stealth, at market, under the names of lions and ostriches.

In 1822, at the time of my embassy to London, the fashionable was expected to exhibit, at the first glance, an unhappy and unhealthy man; to have an air of negligence about his person, long nails, beard neither entire nor shaven, but as if grown for a moment unawares, and forgotten during the preoccupations of wretchedness; hair in disorder; a sublime, mild, wicked eye; lips compressed in disdain of human nature; a Byronic heart, overwhelmed with weariness and disgust of life.

The dandy of the present day must have a conquering, frivolous, insolent look. He must pay particular attention to his toilet, wear mustaches, or a beard trimmed into a circle, like Queen Elizabeth's ruff, or like the radiant disk of the sun. He shows the proud independence of his character by keeping his hat upon his head, by lolling upon sofas, by thrusting his boots into the faces of the ladies, seated in admiration upon chairs before him. He rides with a cane, which he carries like a taper, regardless of the horse, which he bestrides, as it were, by accident. His health must be perfect, and he must always have five or six felicities upon his hands. Some radical dandies, who have advanced the foremost towards the future, have a pipe. But, no doubt, all this has changed, even during the time that I have taken to describe it.

LORD MELBOURNE.

[From the "Pencillings of Politicians."]

Amid all the adverse "Oh! ohs!" and the ironical cheers by which he is assailed from an Opposition which he knows to be a powerful majority, he is as easy, and as comfortable, and as good-tempered as ever. Perfectly courteous to others, it is scarcely possible for others to behave uncourteously to him; they vote against him—they abuse his measures—they talk in terms of great contempt of his policy and his cabinet, but no one, except Lord Brougham, abuses him. From friend and foe alike receives the character of being a highly respectable and strictly honorable man.

Melbourne, although no orator, can sometimes rise with the occasion; and gentlemanly as he usually is—confining himself, as he usually does, to the use of polished knightly arms, he can parry the dagger and return the blow, when he finds himself forced to such an encounter. Of all the antagonists of the present day, Brougham is, undoubtedly, the most to be feared. He has introduced a style of tomahawk fighting into the House of Lords, which the dignified occupants of that Elysium of repose have not witnessed for a long time. He has interrupted their graceful holiday exercise of baited foils with blows of earnest conflict, and he has scandalized every occupant of the crimson cushions around him by the vulgar strength with which he strikes. Melbourne appeared an easy victim, and Brougham, unhappily, has the organ of destructiveness very mountainous behind his ear, and cannot resist the temptation to a sacrifice. When he taunted the Premier with having a tongue attuned to courtly airs, and with his ability to gloat and to flatter, he could not have expected a reply. Yet a reply did come, and one so stinging and severe, that Brougham winced beneath it in visible agony, and rendered the highest tribute to the ability and power of his opponent, by the rage and violence he exhibited in his answer. Great as is the power of Brougham, and bitter as is the feeling which he now evinces towards his quondam colleagues, Melbourne never quails before him; his sarcasm is usually quiet and polished, but it tells immensely in the Lords. Every one there is ready to laugh against Brougham; for the Peers are something like frightened schoolboys, exulting in their hearts at a sound threshing given to a big, strong school-fellow, who keeps them all in terror of his fists. Small as is Melbourne's reputation as a man of business, and much as it is the fashion to speak of him as a man of pleasure, who lounges through his official duties, I believe him to be one of the most steady and the boldest workman of the present weak and timidous cabinet. Russell in his better days knew the policy of showing a bold front occasionally, and he is an excellent tactician; but he betrayed a strong natural inclination to retreat whenever he safely could. I believe he is honest, yet I think that as far as we can see into the character of a Cabinet Minister, studiously shrouded in mystery as it necessarily is, Melbourne has been the more general advocate of a firm and decided policy. Knowing, from long experience, the character of the Lords, and exposed nightly to all their buffettings, he sees that all conciliation is thrown away upon them—that his political existence as a Minister, if it is to be at all, must be in defiance of them and of their continual hostility. It is said that he held fast by the Appropriation Clause when Lord John wavered. It is known that he was strongly opposed to the decision of the Cabinet which accepted the Tory mutilations of the Municipal Corporation's Bill. Several other instances might be mentioned of the Premier having shown his determination to abide by the principles upon which his Ministry was founded. Against these, we must, however, set his conduct upon the Corn Law question, which has done much damage to his reputation as a reformer. While the deliberations of the Cabinet are carried on under an oath of secrecy, it is, of course, impossible to gain any perfect insight into the opinions of any particular member; and we must draw our general inferences from public rumour, which usually takes its tone from the testimony of those who gather in private conversation hints which no studied secrecy can prevent from escaping. It is said that the notions entertained of a national reform by the Hon. William Lamb were very different from those now entertained by Lord Melbourne. Nothing is more probable; and the same is equally true of every leading member of the reform party. Political science has in his day made a much greater advance than it did in the two centuries which preceded his birth. In politics, as in mechanics, things which appeared wild, and visionary, and hopeless, fifty years ago, are become simple and safe as household duties to the present generation. Many a palsied, timidous old gentleman, who, in the hot days of his fearless youth, would have looked upon the man as mad who would have proposed to him to take his place behind a mysterious, noisy, resistless looking engine, and be whirled away at the rate of forty miles an hour, now pays his thirty shillings, and pulls his night-cap over his eyes, and commits himself without a

fear to the familiar velocity of the Birmingham Railway. It is the same with politics. Principles and powers, once terrible, because imperfectly known, are now safe and useful, because well understood. The man we laugh at is the fool who longs for the good old times of the Margate boy, not him who has given up his youthful fears, and has compromised his consistency by putting his foot on board a steam-boat. Melbourne has advanced with his age; and we are not to consider his principles, such as they are, less firm because they were formed by degrees, strengthened by experience, and assumed without precipitation. For a man who in early life cultivated the reputation of an elegant scholar, and rejoiced in the enjoyment of a literary leisure and the society of literary men, Melbourne has less pedantry or affectation than any I ever heard speak. You never heard a quotation escape him which you could suppose was introduced for effect. If it occurs at all, it is evident that it fell naturally into its place in the course of his train of thought, and that it came forward spontaneously as an illustration of his argument; because—which is the only real excuse for a quotation—because it expressed the idea he wished to convey more vividly than he could have expressed it in other language. I have frequently listened to him in the House of Lords with admiration that, with the power he is known to possess of interlarding his speeches with all those fopperies which produce effect, and call down cheers from listless auditors who love to have their ears tickled with classical allusions, he should so thoroughly despise the temptation, and adhere to the practice of saying what he has to say in the fewest and the most simple words in which it can be expressed. The attacks which have been made upon Melbourne's private character are too public and well known to be avoided without a few words of comment. The world knows that he has twice figured as a defendant in actions of crim. con., and that he has twice been acquitted. Having been present at one of the trials, I can aver that, in my judgment, one verdict at least did him no more than justice.

The recent conduct of Norton has been so extraordinary, whichever way we contemplate it, that I could almost absolve both his lady and the Premier from any very great blame had the charge been true. But there is not the slightest ground to believe that it was so. A fellow was brought out of a cellar in Monmouth street—a man who, upon his own evidence, was not entitled from his character to a particle of credence; he admitted that he had been taken to the country, kept there secluded for several weeks, fed, pampered, prepared, and paid, and then brought forward ready to swear in the witness box to a fact which any well-constituted mind must have revolted from crediting had the evidence been twice stronger, and the chances against perjury a hundred-fold less. A special Jury, composed, as I know, in many instances, of men well inclined to give a verdict which would upset a Reforming Ministry, declared that the charge had not the slightest foundation in fact. The Viscount himself pledged his word of honour as an English peer that both he and the accused lady were guiltless, and I believe him. The whole affair—I do not mean the perjury part of it—bears the characteristic marks of a political intrigue, got up by one who possessed great facilities for the office, and arranged by a most doughty Orangeman of great legal experience.

As to Norton, he was no doubt a cat's-paw; although we can estimate the delicacy of his notions of honour, since he tells the world that Lord Melbourne gave him a police magistracy with a view to his wife's honour; and since he, although now a rich man, continues publicly to hold that very magistracy. We wanted not the filthy evidence of the recent advertisements to estimate his conduct. Faugh! The secret of the whole business I believe to be that Lord Melbourne is an old man without domestic ties to keep him at home, of gentlemanly manners and a well stored mind—precisely one of those men whose society women delight in; with whom they can take liberties without danger, and form a familiar friendship without scandal. An agreeable and elegant-mannered old man will always be a favourite with a young woman who is neither a flirt nor a fool, whether her sphere be a cottage or a Court. What a relief, then, must such a friendship and the conversation of such a man have been to a woman of genius yoked for life to Mr. Norton! I take my leave of Lord Melbourne with the hope that I shall not have to change the favourable opinion I have formed of him: with the hope that we may find that the atmosphere of the Court, instead of corrupting his principles, has been purified by them; with the hope that he will be able to surround himself with those allies of whom he now stands so much in need; and with the expectation that his strength of mind will prove sufficient to protect him from the dangers which surround his Ministry, come they in the guise of sunshine or of thunder.

LORD BROUGHAM.

THE REBUKE OF LORD BROUGHAM in the House of Lords on the occasion of the contempt of the Ministry for the forms of justice, and their insult toward the persons, and scornful reversal of the decisions of Judges:—

"Whoever had practised in our courts, who had presided over them, whoever had observed the mode in which the judicial business was carried on, whoever had meditated on the constitution of these realms, as regarded its executive, legislative, and judicial branches, must be prepared to say with him, that of all the branches of that constitution, the pure, correct, and inflexible administration of justice was by far the most material, [hear, hear.] It was this great power, this prodigious clamp, which bound society together. It was this great solar belt which guided and strengthened the whole system, formed as it was of discrepant materials, of various sizes, from the lowest to the most exalted. As long as that great belt continued firm and strong, and retained its binding force, he utterly disregarded all perils with which the constitution might be threatened. Give the Crown all the desire to tyrannize imaginable—give it an obsequious House of Commons, a venal House of Lords, and a corrupt Court—allow it all the wish to overstep the bounds of the people's freedom—and he fairly made his appeal from the King's Court at Windsor to the King's Court at Westminster—there, in that temple of justice, he knew he should find imperishable the palladium of the constitution. Let the ganger come from any quarter—let there be a vacillating House of Commons—a Par-

liament in which the people's representatives knew not their own minds, but voted one day this way and the next day voted in another way by an equally narrow majority—let the force of the constitution, thus left without equipoise, reside entirely in the House of Lords, and let the mixed monarchy of this country, the balance being destroyed, be converted into an aristocratical government—still, against all that the corruption of courts and the domination of the aristocracy could effect, he fled for protection to the judges, who would protect the subjects of the Crown against every oppression. Or, if the danger should come (as we might live to see it, though he thought the event not likely) from the fury of democracy—if the pressure should proceed from the lower region of the body politic—and if the outrages of the multitude threaten to demolish the walls of the constitution, then he opposed to them as an impregnable bulwark the judicial system, against which, as against a rock, all the surges of popular fury would dash, but would dash in vain. [Hear, hear.]

MEHEMET ALI AND HIS CHILDREN.

Mahomet Ali's great pride is Ibrahim Pacha; a victorious leader is always an object of admiration among Mussulmans, and Ibrahim Pacha's career has been one of brilliant military success. His father is fond of alking of his first-born son and intended successor.

"I did not know him," he said—"I had not an unbounded confidence in him for many, many years; no, not till his beard was almost as long as my own, and even changing its colour," said the Pacha to me, "but now I can thoroughly trust him."

On the part of Ibrahim Pacha, though in rank above his father (for the Pacha of the Holy Cities is the first Pacha of the Ottoman Empire), there is always the utmost deference to Mahomet Ali's will. In the most difficult circumstances of his life he has always referred to his renowned sire, for advice, and whenever he has been pressed by the representatives of the great powers of Europe, he has invariably answered, that he should abide by the instructions he received from his father. Of the sons of Mahomet Ali, Toussoun, the second, was long the favourite. He was a Prince of a generous, not to say extravagant disposition; and when, on one occasion, he was reproached by his father for his prodigality, he answered, "It may be well for you to be economical, who were not born what you are, but I am the son of Mahomet Ali Pacha, and the son of a Pacha must be liberal." His father smiled, the answer flattered his sense of dignity, and he upbraided Toussoun no more. Not long after Toussoun died of the plague. A third son, Ismail, was murdered by the blacks in Sennar, the hut in which he was being surrounded by brushwood, set on fire, and he perished in the flames.

"I have been very happy in my children," he said to me one day; "there is not one of them who does not treat me with the utmost deference and respect; except," he added, laughing outright, "that little fellow, the last and least of all, Mahomet Ali."

He was then a boy of five or six years old, called by his father's name—the son of his old age—his Benjamin—his best beloved.

"I see how it is," I said; "your Highness spoils the boy. You encourage the little rogue." Mahomet Ali laughed again—it was an acknowledgment of a little paternal weakness.

Not long after, I was in the Palace of Shoubra—it was on a Friday, the Mussulman sabbath, where the Pacha is in the habit of receiving all his family.

I found him in the centre of his Divan. He was surrounded by all his sons and grandsons, who were then residing at Cairo. He had been listening to the accounts of their studies—of their amusements and their employments. Abbas Pacha, the eldest son of Toussoun Pacha, sat next his grandfather, and the rest of the family were seated on chairs, according to their ranks and ages. After some conversation, Mahomet Ali told his descendants that they might now withdraw. One after another they rose, knelt before him, kissed the hem of his garment, and retired. Little Mahomet Ali came last; he was dressed in military costume, with a golden-cased scimitar dangling at his side. He advanced towards his father—looking in his face; he saw the accustomed, the involuntary smile; and, when he was about a yard from the Pacha, instead of bending or saluting him, he turned on his heels, and laughingly scampered away, like a young colt.

"I see how it is," said I to Mahomet Ali.

The old man shook his head—looked grave for a moment—another smile passed over his countenance—"Peki, peki!" said he, in a low tone, "Well, well!" But I certainly did not like his highness the worse for what I had just witnessed.

GREECE.

Some time since a letter was printed in the *Morning Chronicle*, in which, "for the first time, the question of King Otho's intellects was fairly brought before the public; when there was general outcry raised by the English and French legitimist newspapers, at the daring *sans-culottism* of supposing a King, placed on the throne 'by the grace of God,' to be actually an idiot. The *Siecle*" continues the *Chronicle* correspondent, writing from Athens, July 28, "was placed on the Queen's dressing-table on Sunday evening. Now the Queen, who gets her *papillotes* and all other paper she requires from Paris, very naturally inquired what the ugly sheet before her possibly could be. It was explained to her Majesty that things called newspapers were published in Greece for the amusement of the common people, and the Queen expressing a wish to know what could be written to amuse these common people, she was told that there was a very funny article in the very paper before her, in which, to amuse the common people, the naughty man who wrote the newspaper drew public attention to the fact of Dr. Wibmer, Lieutenant-Colonel Lemair, and Mr. Stengel, having written that her Royal lord and master was nothing more nor less than an idiot. It so happens that no woman, whatever her own opinion may be, likes that other people should abuse her husband, which notorious fact has given rise to many wise sayings. The consequence is, that little Queen Amelia began to pant with indignation; and if Dr. Wibmer had been at hand, no one can say what state his eyes might have come

to. Away ran her Majesty, pit-a-pat to the King's Cabinet. What took place there I shall not pretend to say; but most certain it is that next morning all Athens rejoiced at the dismissal of the triumvirate—Wibmer, Lemair, and Stengel." It appears, however, that Otho was subsequently weak enough to permit the three to publish the following in the official *Gazette*:

"To accomplish the most imperious duty towards our personal honour, and in the interest of truth, we reply to the assertions of certain newspapers, by declaring, in the most official manner, that we have never expressed, as a newspaper accuses us of, that we consider his Majesty the King is incapable of governing. We declare, on the contrary, that any person expressing such an opinion of his Majesty is a liar."

The Queen has, however, remained firm; Lemair is actually gone, and though Dr. Wibmer and Stengel—thanks to the open interference of Count Walkisch, the Bavarian Minister—remain for the present, they are under marching orders, and their dismissal is actually signed. It appears (from a letter of July 31) that a Mr. Odell, an English traveller, while walking near the temple of Jupiter Olympus, was attacked and wounded by a number of Greek soldiers. He took refuge at the British Minister's, and the rioters were secured; when they boldly declared that they had that evening endeavoured to rid the country of Dr. Wibmer, for whom poor Mr. Odell had been mistaken, having, unfortunately, much of his personal appearance, and wearing a hat similar to the doctor's. So much (says the writer) for the popularity of the Bavarians!

MEHEMET ALI AND THE FIVE POWERS.

It appears that the demand on Mehemet Ali, to surrender the Ottoman fleet, has been refused. After all the disagreements of the French Cabinet, all the disappointments of the King, all the exasperation of the people, comes the crowning stroke of policy so impatiently awaited. Louis Philippe says to Mehemet Ali:

"Reluctantly, O Mehemet Ali, have I added my name to a confederacy against you. But your sagacity will show you, at once, that my interests can never allow me to act cordially or effectually with England on this occasion. You and I, indeed, have followed the march of Russia, and have succeeded in cutting off some jewels from the train of the Ottoman Emperors, too long for them to wear commodiously, and on which they seldom took the trouble to look back. You have sworn that you will continue their vassal: I have sworn that I will restore what I detain. Now, although Egypto-Mahometan faith has always, in the marts of Europe, been found to have more staple than Franco-Christian, yet nobody was duped by either of us. England was told by Russia that she had no right to quarrel with her for doing that which she allowed France to do. However, we will dwell no longer upon this. England wants a passage through your dominions. I say not, *Do not let her have it*; I say, *Let her have it*: that is, if you see no impolicy, no danger in it. Certainly, it would render me a secondary power in the Mediterranean. Believe then, if you can, O Mehemet Ali! that I am cordial in my wishes to unite with the inveterate enemy of my country, and the selfish intercessor of my commerce, rather than with you. My people, who are unanimous in nothing else, not only are unanimous, but enthusiastic, for your success. It is on this one point they and I meet: it is on this alone I can hoist up once more, and refresh in the breezes of the orient, my pendent wreath of fading popularity. France takes England by the hand held out to her. Could she do otherwise? When she sees England, with her eyes up in the air, coming on so heedlessly, she waxes the floor, assists her most courteously to slip as she enters the Cabinet, runs out for help, claps the door upon her, and cries with commiseration through the keyhole, *My dear sister! have you lived so long in the world without taking notice that we always wax our floors? you should never have gone off your carpet!*"

The only chance we had of seeing held together the shattered remains of the Ottoman empire, after the dispersion of its army in Syria, was by allowing Mehemet Ali to reunite and keep possession of them all. Austria is the power most interested in obstructing the ulterior march of Russia; and Austria would have done it before, but the shrill outcries and fierce grimaces of France, following up and piercing through the clear public voice of England, made her believe that they would instantly unite their arms against Muscovite aggression, leaving to her the more desirable office of arbitress, in the very cause in which they two were the most remote, and she the most immediately, interested. Russia has now taken the last province she can take, consistently with the safety of Austria. Turkey, under whatever sovereign, could, with Austrian co-operation, make an effectual stand against her. By the English navy then passing the Bosphorus, she might recover all she has lost, to the very banks of the Phasis. At present, the succour that England should afford to Turkey is, following the example of Russia in Persia, to send unsparingly stores and artillerymen into Circassia. An expenditure of two hundred thousand pounds would save many millions. If we go to war with Mehemet Ali, we depopulate the countries we would protect. A free nation (for the Turks are a free nation, and must, unless we interfere, continue so) will, sooner or later, be bowed down to Russian servitude, and those who are now emerging from apathy and ignorance be thrust back again for incalculable ages.

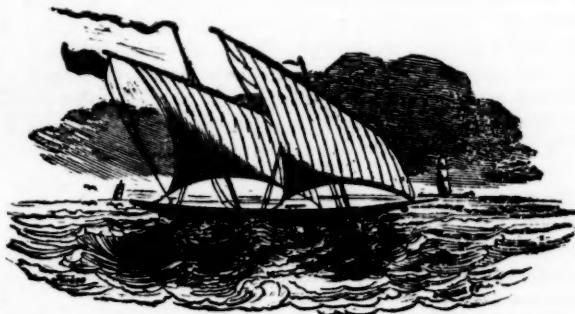
If we go to war with Mehemet Ali, or irritate him by arrogance and threats, do we believe that we are dealing with a Menou or a Buonaparte? We have for our dealer the most far-sighted and clear-sighted politician, instead of one who saw every thing through a prism: brightness abundantly, little clearness, no precision, no truth, nothing in its own form, its own dimensions, its own distance: to him a camel was a man, and a man a camel. We make an enemy of the very potentate whose alliance we most need. Are we fools enough to fancy that we can as easily drive out of Egypt the general who never failed in anything, as the general who ultimately failed in everything? Indeed! Prepare, then, a cargo of deal boards to replace the rotten ones at Saint-Helena. My view of your two adversaries is widely different. Let us look at them for a moment on the very ground before us. When the one entered Syria, he entered it so un-

prepared that ruinous walls resisted him; and the Battle of the Pyramids closed with disgrace under the walls of Acre. We are now opposed to the regenerator of Egypt; to the ruler who has more improved the country he governs than Peter the Great improved Russia. You are resolved that he shall improve no farther. Well done, *Finality!*

With his usual calmness, Mehemet Ali will laugh you to scorn, and blow before his pipe the vain fumes of your intoxication, the light sparks of your menaces. You perhaps may find the restorer of Alexandria as full of intellect, of spirit, and of resources, as the founder. Let him alone! let him alone! and, if you can do no good, at least keep out of mischief.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Bath, September 3, 1839.



THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1839.

JOTTINGS DOWN,
ON THE WAY TO THE TOURNAMENT.

NUMBER NINE.

That Irish channel has, as the English say, "a nasty way with it." I embarked at noon on the 26th, in a magnificent steamer, the Royal Sovereign, which had been engaged by Lord Eglintoun (as *per advertisement*), to set down at Ardrossan all passengers bound to the Tournament. This was a seventeen hours' job, including a very cold, blowy, and rough night, and of the two hundred passengers on board, one half were so blest as to have berths on settees. The others were *unblest* indeed.

I found on board several Americans, (Capt. Bursley, of the Cambridge, among them), and by the time I had looked at the shape of the Liverpool harbor, and seen one or two vessels run in before a slapping breeze, the premonitory symptom (which had already sent many to their berths,) sent me to mine. The boat was pitching backwards and forwards with a sort of handsaw action that was not endurable. By foregoing my dinner and preserving a horizontal position, I escaped all sickness, and landed at Ardrossan at six the next morning, with a thirty-six hours *fast* upon me, which I trusted my incipient gout would remember as a *per contra* to the *feast* in the promised "Banquet."

Ardrossan, built chiefly I believe by Lord Eglintoun's family, and about eight miles from the Castle, is a small, but very clean and thrifty-looking hamlet, on that part of the Western coast of Scotland which lies opposite the Isle of Arran. Ailsa Rock, famous in song, slumbers like a cloud in the South Western horizon. The long breakers of the channel lay their lines of foam almost upon the street, and the harbor is formed by a pier jutting out from a little promontory on the Northern extremity of the town. The one thoroughfare of Ardrossan is kept clean by the broom of every wind that sweeps the Irish Sea. A cleaner or bleaker spot I never saw.

A Gael, who did not comprehend a syllable of such English as a Yankee delivers, shouldered my portmanteau without direction or request, and travelled away to the Inn, where he deposited it, and held out his hand in silence. There was certainly quite enough said between us, and remembering the boisterous accompaniment with which the claims of porters are usually pushed upon one's notice, I could well wish that Gaelic tide-waiters were more common. "Any room, landlord?" was the first question. "Not a cupboard, Sir," was the answer. "Can you give me some breakfast?" asked fifty others in a breath. "Breakfast will be put upon all the tables presently, gentlemen!" said the dismayed Boniface, glancing at the crowds who were pouring in, and, Scotchmanlike, making no promises to individuals. "Landlord!" vociferated a gentleman from the other side of the hall: "what the devil does this mean? Here's the room I engaged a fortnight ago, occupied by a dozen people shaving and dressing!" "I canna help it, Sir! Ye're welcome to turn 'em a' out—if ye can!" said the poor man, lifting up his hands in despair, and retreating to the kitchen. The hint was a good one, and taking up my own portmanteau, I opened a door in one of the passages. It led into a small apartment which in more roomy times might have been a pantry, but was

now occupied by three beds and a great variety of baggage. There was a twopenny glass on the mantel-piece, and a drop or two of water in a pitcher, and where there were sheets I could make shift for a towel. I found presently, by the way, that I had had a narrow escape of surprising some one in bed, for the sheet which did duty as a napkin was still warm with the pressure of the newly fled occupant.

Three or four smart looking damsels in caps looked in while I was engaged in my toilet, and this, with one or two slight observations made in the apartment, convinced me that I had intruded on the dormitory of the ladies' maids belonging to the various parties in the house. A hurried "God bless us!" as they retreated, however, was all either of reproach or remonstrance that I was troubled with, and I emerged with a smooth chin in time for breakfast, very much to the envy and surprise of my less enterprising companions.

There was a great scramble for the tea and toast, but, uniting forces with a distinguished literary man whose acquaintance I had been fortunate enough to make on board the steamer, we managed to get places at one of the tables, and achieved our breakfasts in tolerable comfort. We were still eight miles from Eglinton, however, and a lodging was the next matter of moment. My friend thought he was provided for nearer the castle, and I went into the street, which I found crowded with distressed looking people, flying from door to door, with ladies on their arms and wheelbarrows of baggage at their heels, the townspeople standing at the doors and corners staring at the novel spectacle in open-mouthed wonder. Quite in a dilemma whether or not to go on to Irvine, (which, being within two miles of the castle, was probably much more overrun than Ardrossan), I was standing at the corner of the street, when a Liverpool gentleman, whose kindness I must record, as well as my pleasure in his society for the two or three days we were together, came up and offered me a part of a lodging he had that moment taken. The bed was what we call in America a *bunk*, or a kind of berth sunk into the wall, and there were two in the same garret; but the sheets were clean, and there was a large bible on the table—the latter a warrant for civility, neatness, and honesty, which, after many years of travel, I have never found deceptive. I closed immediately with my friend, and whether it was from a smack of authorship or no, I must say I took to my garret very kindly.

It was but nine o'clock and the day was on my hands. Just beneath the window ran a rail-road built to bring coal to the sea-side, and extending to within a mile of the Castle; and with some thirty or forty others I embarked in a horse-car for Eglinton, to see the preparations for the following day's tournament. We were landed near the Park gate after an hour's drive through a flat country blackened with coal-pits, and it was with no little relief to the eye that I entered upon a smooth, and gravelled avenue, leading by a mile of shaded windings to the castle. The day was heavenly, the sun-flecks lay bright as "patines of gold" on the close-shaven grass beneath the trees, and I thought that nature had consented for once to remove her eternal mist-veil from Scotland, and let pleasure and sunshine have a holiday together. The sky looked hard and deep, and I had no more apprehension of rain for the morrow than I should have had under a July sun in Asia.

Crossing a bright little river (the Sugton, I think it is called) whose sloping banks, as far as I could see, up and down, were shaven to the rich smoothness of "velvet of three pile," I came in sight of the castle towers. Another bridge over a winding of the same river lay to the left, a Gothic structure of the most rich and airy mould, and from either end of this extended the enclosed passage for the procession to the lists. The castle stood high upon a mound beyond. Its round towers were half concealed by some of the finest trees I ever saw, and though less antique, and of a less frowning and rude aspect than I had expected, it was a very perfect specimen of modern castellated architecture. On ascending to the lawn in front of the castle, I found that it was built less upon a mound than upon the brow of a broad plateau of table-land, turned sharply by the Sugton, close under the castle walls—a natural site of singular beauty. Two Saracenic looking tents, of the gayest colors, were pitched upon the bright green lawn at a short distance, and off to the left, by several glimpses through the trees, I traced along the banks of the river the winding enclosures for the procession.

The large hall was crowded with servants, but presuming that a knight who was to do his devoir so conspicuously on the morrow would not be stirring at so early an hour, I took merely a glance of the armor upon the walls in passing, and deferring the honor of paying my respects, crossed the lawn and passed over the Sugton by a rustic foot-bridge, in search of the lists. A cross path (leading by a small temple enclosed with wire netting, once an aviary, perhaps, but now hung around in glorious profusion with game, venison, a boar's head, and other comestibles) brought me in two or three minutes to a hill-side, overlooking the chivalric arena. It was a beautiful sight of itself, without plume or armour. In the centre of a verdant plain, shut in by hills of an easy slope, wooded richly, appeared an oblong enclosure, glittering at either end with a cluster of tents, striped with the gayest colors of the rainbow. Between them, on the farther side,

stood three galleries, of which the centre was covered with a Gothic roof, highly ornamented, the four front pillars draped with blue damask, and supporting an arch over the throne intended for the Queen of Beauty. A strongly built barrier extended through the lists, and heaps of lances, gay flags, and the heraldic ornaments still to be added to the tents, lay around on the bright grass, in a picture of no little richness. I was glad afterwards that I had seen thus much with the advantage of an unclouded sun.

In returning, I passed in the rear of the castle, and looked into the temporary pavilions, erected for the Banquet and Ball. They were covered exteriorly with rough boards and sails, and communicated by an enclosed gallery with one of the large apartments of the castle. The workmen were still nailing up the drapery, and arranging lamps and flowers, but with all this disadvantage, the effect of the two immense halls, lined as they were with crimson and white, in broad alternate stripes, resembling in shape and fashion two gigantic tents, was exceedingly imposing. Had the magnificent design of Lord Eglintoun been successfully carried out, it would have been a scene, with the splendor of the costumes, the lights, music and revelry, unsurpassed probably by anything short of enchantment.

I strolled leisurely through the grounds on my return, enjoying the spicy aroma of the firs, warmed into odour by an unaccustomed sun, and passing thousands of people toiling in every sort of conveyance towards the castle, I whirled back on the rail-car to my garret at Ardrossan. And so ended the first day at the Tournament.

N. P. W.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE LIVERPOOL.

This stout and noble steam ship came into the waters of our Bay on the morning of the 10th inst., bringing nearly one hundred passengers, and London dates to the 20th ultimo.

Her news are for the most part melancholy. The prospects of the harvest in England are of the gloomiest character. Incessant rains and cold weather have retarded the ripening of the crops, and the labours of the farmer will be repaid by scanty returns, and in some sections it is feared the grains will be altogether ruined.

The next item of news has a peculiar interest at this moment—we refer to the extraordinary occurrence respecting the French agency of the United States. We avail ourselves of an extract from a letter of the intelligent correspondent of the *Courier and Enquirer*, to explain the transaction.

On the night of Friday last arrived in London an express to Mr. Jaudon, informing him that on that day the house of Hottingeur, the Paris agents of the bank, had refused to accept the usual bills which had been drawn from Philadelphia against consignments of cotton to Havre de Grace and various other ports of France. This intelligence was entirely unexpected by Mr. Jaudon, who,—though the most prominent European agent of the Bank of the United States,—has not professed any direct connexion with the Parisian agents of the bank, and consequently then learned for the first time that the house of Hottingeur had come to so extraordinary a determination as to refuse the bills of an establishment from which they have derived so very beneficial an interest during an agency of twenty years. Setting off instantly for Paris, Mr. Jaudon arrived in that capital on Monday, and at once removed all the difficulties of the Messrs. Hottingeur, by negotiating with the house of Rostchilde, the Jewish capitalists of so much celebrity, and who now accept the bills of the Bank of the United States.

IMPORTANT NEWS FROM SPAIN.

All our late foreign journals are engrossed with the French accounts of the breaking up of the Army of DON CARLOS, and of his passing into the territory of France with his family, the personages belonging to his Court, and a large number of superior and subaltern officers.

It appears by a Bordeaux paper, that when Don Carlos demanded of General Harispe under what title he would be received in France, the General replied, "With the honors due to a Prince who was unfortunate."

Don Carlos, it is said, declares that he will go to Italy, and abandon all pretensions to the crown of Spain.

Turning from Don Carlos, we find Madrid exhibiting the most joyous manifestations. On the 3d ult., serenades and illuminations were the order of the evening; the bells of all the churches were kept ringing until midnight, in honor of the glad tidings received from the north. In the course of the day the Queen Regent, and the Queen her daughter, were repeatedly obliged to show themselves at the balcony of the Palace, and were saluted with the most enthusiastic *rivas*.

A letter-writer adds :

"All classes of society abandon themselves to unbounded joy. Nothing is heard of but feasting and entertainments, and the war is looked upon to be virtually at an end. I fear these hopes are destined to meet a speedy mortification, and that the royalists, or factious party, have more power than the Christinos are willing to admit. What is to become of the multitudes who have hitherto followed Cabrera, the Count d'Espagne, and the other Carlist chiefs? Can they, who have lived at free quarters on the country for four or five years, at once settle down into a peaceable and orderly peasantry? And what is to be done with all the officers and petty officers who have hitherto led the people with success? We cannot expect that Cabrera, who has but one passion—that of revenge for the mur-

der of his mother—will at once admit, because Marotto has become a traitor, that Don Carlos has proved a dupe. He will probably keep still in arms in the name of the son of Don Carlos, or in any other name that it may suit him to assume; and he will lay waste the country which he has hitherto occupied. Spain is too thinly peopled for the Christino government to establish its power beyond a certain circuit near each great town. The remainder of the country will still be overrun by bands calling themselves Carlists, soldiers of the faith, or freebooters, or anything else they please."

M. Pontois, late Minister to the United States from France, and more recently appointed Minister to Constantinople, is warmly attacked by the *Quotidienne*, who declares that while he was first secretary at Rio Janeiro, he wrote a despatch approving of the ordinances of 1820 to M. de Polignac; and in a few days after a despatch denouncing them in the strongest term to Marshal Maison. The *Quotidienne* says that men of such accommodating politics should not be entrusted with a delicate and confidential negociation, such as that to Constantinople.

THE GREAT ST. LEGER AT DONCASTER.—Our English papers abound with accounts of the sports at the famous town of Doncaster. Racing is truly the great national pastime of England, and the immense concourse of strangers from all parts of the Island, that yearly congregate in Yorkshire to witness the sports, is proof of the interest taken in this manly diversion. This year the day was fortunately fine and the attendance numerous. The two favourite horses were from the north and south of England, and as most generally happens, the wily Yorkshires were too much for the Cockneys. Charles the Twelfth won the race, though a horse called Bloomsbury had been the favourite till just previous to the day of trial. Euclid ran second, and after making one dead heat, lost the race by a neck only. This was close work.

This has been the race week down on our own beautiful Long Island, and the fine weather, and the easy access to the Course, together with the character of the "nimble-footed steeds," have induced hundreds to throw aside for the nonce the cares of business, and recreate for a day in attending the sports already so popular that soon they will be reckoned national. Conducted as this diversion is by a "Club" of gentlemen, there are few amusements more interesting, and none that have a higher and more useful object in view. The yearly improvement in our race of horses is most visible in all those sections of country where this pastime is established, and a corresponding degeneracy wherever it is neglected.

THE PHILADELPHIA SUSPENSION.—The news of this occurrence created a very general excitement in this community, and some alarm, but so firmly has the movement been met, that we now begin to hope that the example of our neighbors will not be followed by the Banks in this State.

The Philadelphia press abounds in explanations and excuses for this measure, and continues to assert that it does not arise out of the lack of power to continue specie payment. We are poor financiers, and grope our way darkly when we attempt to penetrate the mysteries of this mighty science, but it strikes us that this is the last excuse we should ever think of offering for not paying our debts, viz: we've the money, but self-preservation compels us to keep it.

RECENT MORTALITIES.

Within the last few weeks death has been busy in the high places of our land, and in two instances the dispensation of Divine Providence is as inscrutable as the fatal events were sudden and unexpected.

The Charleston papers announce the death of **GENERAL ROBERT T. HAYNE**, of South Carolina, who died at Ashville, N. C., on the 22d. of September, aged 49 years.—"In the various offices" says the Patriot, "which he filled successively of Member of the House of Representatives and Attorney-General of the State, Senator in Congress, Governor of the State, and Mayor of the City, he gathered increasing respect from the people, and has, in descending to the tomb, left the rich legacy of his virtues to enoble a name already illustrious in the annals of South Carolina.

In Massachusetts, the **HON. JAMES C. ALVORD**, Member elect to the House of Representatives, died at his residence in Greenfield, on the 28th ultimo. He was a gentleman yet in early manhood, but distinguished by his talents, and for the faithful and able manner he had discharged his duties in both branches of the Legislature of Massachusetts.

Expired at his residence in this city, **WILLIAM DUNLAP**, a gentleman much respected for his abilities as an artist, as an historian, and as an able delineator of the lives of his contemporaries and of his own times. For many years he had devoted his attention to the compilation of a History of New York, the first volume of which was already printed, and the second in the hands of the publisher.

Philadelphia, too, has recently lost one of her valuable citizens, in the person of **MATHEW CAREY**. He was distinguished as an author, printer, and publisher, and for his active charities and kindnesses toward his

countrymen, whose welfare he always seemed to have as much at heart as his own. Mr. Carey was a native of Ireland.

THE PORTRAIT.

We are permitted by a friend the indulgence of transferring the following passage from the epistle of a fair correspondent travelling in England, to our piratical page.

"We accompanied a party yesterday to the magnificent castle of the Earl of Mulgrave, and were richly repaid for the long drive which my feeble strength was scarcely able to endure, by the polite reception that awaited us. His Lordship's gallery of paintings forms the chief source of admiration to all lovers of this divine art in his most attractive mansion. Among the portraits of his distinguished ancestry was one possessed of such extraordinary interest to me that it will haunt me till I die. It was that of a female ancestor of his Lordship's, of the most youthful and exquisite loveliness, dressed in the saddest weeds of widowhood, sitting in a window, resting her head upon her hand. Inscribed beneath her portrait are these words in old English, 'Since my husband's love was but a jest, so is my mourning but a jest.' Who could gaze upon that sweet proud face without a sigh of compassion? Her eyes were of the softest hazel, shaded by long lashes dark as her robes. Her hair of the brightest golden brown, streamed in playful dishevelment over her ivory shoulders and bosom. The smile that played over her delicate lips was proud but ravishingly tender, expressing at once the deep disappointment of a trusting heart, which triumphs in expression only, over the 'ruins of her peace.'"

WEST'S GREAT PICTURE OF CHRIST REJECTED.—This sublime composition of our distinguished countryman, was yesterday exhibited at the Stuyvesant Institute. It will remain on exhibition for a limited time only in this city, after which it goes to Philadelphia and elsewhere.

We believe it is quite unnecessary to eulogize the merits of this painting, known to be the master-work of its gifted author; but we may be allowed to direct the attention of our readers to the subject, and they will scarcely be so blind to the means of instruction and of their pleasure, as not to see the great inducements to visit the exhibition at the Institute.

AN ITEM FROM DOMESTIC LIFE.

"COME, BUSTLE, BUSTLE."—*Richard III.*

A coloured waiting-maid in the service of a fashionable family in the country observing in her young mistress a new article of dress, eloquently styled "tonure" decided to adopt the French elevation without encroaching on her monthly perquisites. Flying to the garden she seized upon a venerable yellow-coated cucumber, and thrusting a stout string through it from end to end, she hung it in graceful dalliance beneath her robe de red flannel, and presented herself at the dinner hour behind the chair of her old master. Having an eye for the picturesque, he was not long in discovering the ambitious hump, which at his wicked instigation was shortly subjected to a delicate and most embarrassing disclosure, amply atoned for, however, by the weeping Rosabella, by a promise to permit the remaining vegetable bustles to die a natural death.

The Theatre.

THE PARK.

The indisposition of Mrs. Martyn and Mr. Manvers has very severely affected the prosperity of this establishment during the week. Every thing was getting on famously when Manvers became hoarse, but he continued to sing, and to risk his reputation as a musician, night after night, when Mrs. Martyn was compelled to yield at once to the severity of her illness, thus completely disorganizing the *troupe*. The entertainments, however, which have been substituted, would in ordinary times have proved attractive, for they have been strongly cast, and possess intrinsic merit, but at this season our theatre-going population are always fastidious, and cotton to nothing short of the greater luminaries of the stage.

We learn that the invalids are convalescent, and that we shall soon have the pleasure of listening to them again.

Two additional stars are shortly expected to increase the strength of the Park company—Mrs. Fitzwilliams, a charming actress from the Haymarket, and M. Alexandre, the most distinguished ventriloquist in Europe. Mrs. Fitzwilliams is a lady of sterling talents, and for many years has commanded a profitable engagement at one of the three principal London Theatres. She is somewhat in the line of Mrs. Keeley, and has ever been greatly admired as an artist of finished education, and great versatility of dramatic power. M. Alexandre has enjoyed the highest reputation in the capitals of Europe, both as an actor and ventriloquist. It was to this gentleman that Sir Walter Scott addressed some humorous poetry, in his character of sheriff, warning the actor "to disperse," the characters he

assumed being so many and so various, that to the eye of the Poet they seemed a mob. These two new comers will be found valuable auxiliaries, and cannot fail to be appreciated.

THE NATIONAL.

Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff have completely carried the town and made captive all hearts by their finished personations of characters, so familiar to us all, that nothing short of first-rate acting and original conceptions could have produced the slightest sensation. We are happy to pen this record of their success, for so impressed were we by the style and manner of the young lady on her first appearance, that we were apprehensive our judgment was influenced by the untoward circumstances under which she was introduced to this community. But spite of fires and limited conveniences she has fulfilled our highest expectations, and is nightly receiving the unanimous approbation and hearty plaudits of a refined auditory.

Miss Vandenhoff seems to possess all the great essentials to become one of the first, if not the very first actress of her age. Her personal advantages are peculiarly great. She has good height and figure, a graceful, rounded form, beautiful and intelligent features when in repose, and when lightened up with the passions of her author, most expressive of the feelings she wishes to portray. Her voice is powerful, though at times a little harsh, yet managed with good judgment and skill. Her intonations and her emphasis denote great maturity of mind, and a perfect conception of her author. We now and then discover a little mannerism in her readings, which must be looked to in season, but though measured, and often somewhat monotonous, they are so distinct and so faithful to the text, that we hardly dare find a fault, lest she might, in attempting to correct it, fall into that detestable error of varying her tones and her emphasis without the slightest regard to the sense, or what is worse, and more common, sink the key so low at times, that entire passages would be lost to her listeners. We have not yet catalogued all the sterling qualities of this promising artist. Added to the attractiveness of her person and power of voice, her manner is peculiarly feminine and delicate. We have seen her throw great pathos and womanly feeling into a simple request, and she often succeeds in making a point by the mere artless action of an unso phisticated lady, impelled by her emotions to some change of posture or position. All her readings evince a refinement of mind, with somewhat of the poet's fancy, that enables her to catch the unexpressed thought, and to execute her by-play, and give force to new and original conceptions that greatly enhances the merit of her personations. Indeed all her qualities of mind, voice, and person, promise to give her an elevation in her profession, when fully developed and matured, that is seldom reached.

Since appearing four or five times in Julia, Miss Vandenhoff has played Mrs. Haller and Marianna. The last was for her father's benefit, he playing St. Pierre. There was no abatement of interest, and the crowded house and the enthusiasm on that occasion, was strong enough evidence of the hold that both father and daughter have on the admiration and good will of our citizens.

We will not close this notice of the National without congratulating Mr. Wallack on the success that has already attended his resolution and industry, in providing for his company the means of exercising its talents, and we trust his continued exertions will receive the ample patronage that they so truly merit.

THE NEW CHATHAM.

Most unintentionally we forgot to mention last week, that Barnes, the old favorite of all our Theatres, has been shaking the laugh out of the frequenters of this new house, and was complimented with a benefit.—Barnes, with J. R. Scott in tragedy, will greatly contribute to the prosperity of this flourishing establishment, and render it worthy of the success it meets.

FOREIGN THEATRICAL NEWS.

MISS ELLEN TREE.—This universal favourite has reappeared in London, and the "Spectator" thus announces the fact.

The Haymarket on Tuesday, Sept. 3d, was besieged by the adorers of Ellen Tree on this side the Atlantic, eager to get a glimpse of their divinity through any loophole; the prolonged raptures almost overpowered the object of them, and the ardour of the Tree-worshippers was attested by waving of boughs in addition to the customary shower of lesser greenery. The fair voyager is not in any respect altered from what she was before her departure; and we are indebted to her own good judgment, (perhaps the discriminating taste of American audiences also) for restoring to us a charming actress, with her quiet, expressive manner unchanged.

VOCAL PHENOMENON.—*Messina (Sicily), Aug. 11.*—We have here a vocal phenomenon which is, perhaps, unprecedented. It is a girl, only 18 years old, gifted with a bass voice, which for extent and power rivals that of Lablache! Her name is Clorinda Sengenelli. Yesterday she made her *debut* at the opera of Messina in the part of Orovisto, in Bellini's *Norma*, and was received with great favour. Her success is, however, sole ascribable to the extraordinary nature of her voice, for her method of singing is as yet very imperfect. Mademoiselle Sengenelli, who was born in the village of Galbi, near Syracuse, may be termed a rustic beauty.

She is tall and broad shouldered, and her features, with her large black eyes and long thick hair of the same hue, denote a masculine and energetic temper.

The Paris papers mention that M. de Lamartine has just finished a tragedy in which Mdlle. Rachel is to enact the principal part.

A new Opera, called *Le Sherif*, by Halevy, the celebrated author of *La Juive*, has just been produced at the *Opéra Comique* of Paris, with the greatest success. All the French journals concur in describing it as an admirable piece, and excellently performed, Madame Damoreau sustaining the principal character. This is the second successful opera which Halevy has produced within these six months.

In the month of August last, twenty-eight new pieces, by forty-six authors, were produced at the Paris theatres, viz.—One tragedy, two dramas, one opera, one ballet, one comedy, and twenty-two vandevilles.

FASHION AND PARSON WILKINSON.

Our fashionable promenade never presents a lovelier picture of beauty and parade, than at this delicious season. Fashion rules the hour, and vies with Taste in throwing an additional charm over her fair votaries. Nodding plumes, tipped with hues that shame the rainbow, violets of "meek-eyed blue," and shawls of gorgeous dyes, are lending their brilliant aid to enhance the softer "light of beauty," while birds of Paradise flutter with delight at their envied top-gallant position. Oh, shade of Wilkinson! how does thy pure spirit grieve as thou gazest down from the gates of Paradise, upon the daughters of earth! Thy nuptial sermon, preached in 1607, is full of quaint and modest satire. We will transcribe an extract for our gentle readers, though at the risk of losing all our hair:—

"But of all qualities, a woman must not have one quality of a ship, and that is, too much rigging. Oh, what a wonder it is to see a ship under sail, with her tacklings and her masts, and her tops and her top-gallants, with her upper decks and her nether decks, and so bedecked with her streamers, flags, and ensigns, and I know not what; yea, but a world of wonders it is to see a woman, created in God's image, so miscreate oftentimes, and deformed with her French, her Spanish, and her foolish fashions, that He that made her, when he looks upon her, shall hardlie know her, with her plumes, her fanns, and a silken visard; with a ruffe like a sail, yea a ruffe like a rainebow; with a feather in her cap, like a flag in her top, to tell, I think, which way the wind will blowe."

A PERSIAN PRINCE'S IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

The following curious impressions of England and its inhabitants are extracted from a translation of a journal of one of the Persian Princes, who visited that country in 1836, in order to prevail upon the Government to oppose the accession of the reigning Shah. The translation is printed for private circulation, but in justice to the lovers of the marvellous, we transfer a few extracts to our columns, which will be read with interest.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGLISH.

The people of this kingdom are of genteel nature, and delicate constitution; most of the ladies, and females in general, are more delicate and refined than the blossom of roses. Their waist is more slender than a finger ring, their form is beautiful, their voice gains the affections. The men are very particular in their disputes, which are carried on with great ability. If there should be the widest possible misunderstanding, still they keep up the rules of politeness. If it should rise so high as to produce vindictive feeling, still they carry on their disputes in a genteel style, and bad language (God forbid!) is not used. To be called a har is the utmost insult; this will lead to a duel; the duel is allowed here.

SIGHT OF A LADY AT BATH.

While we were sitting, when it was about the asser, behold! a sun appeared from our east, shining and flashing. On seeing this incomparable beauty, and beholding this lovely face like the full moon, I lost my senses, not to say that I lost my sight, in admiration. No, my eyes, by beholding her smiling, became a hundred times more powerful. The delightful odour of her hair fell into my heart, and I was obliged to rise up and to invite her to sit by my side, paying her all honourable respect. My heart died away, and unless my mind had gained strength to maintain conversation with this visitor, I should have appeared as if I were lost. I asked who she was. This full moon was the daughter of a captain in the East Indies.

THE OPERA.

It is a very lofty edifice, built in a wonderful manner. From the roof of it to the ground, on the three sides round, there are small rooms made of wood, these they call boxes; these rooms or boxes are elegantly dressed up with wollen cloth and velvet; before every box there are forty chandeliers of cut glass, each has fifty lights; there are also lights in every part of the house. The forty chandeliers of cut glass, each containing forty lights, and each light of five branches, as well as the other lights, have one pipe, which, by touching an instrument, all the thousands of lights suddenly become dim, so that you scarcely see anything; and by moving the instrument differently, they as suddenly give a powerful light. There are young ladies with faces like the full moon, the beauty of whom makes the illumination of the sun dark; and a company of young men, whose beauty obscures the sun. Seats are provided below for the musicians; they play with instruments which nourish the heart: the pen and the tongue are in-

capable of giving an adequate description of them. . . . There were in the boxes around more than a thousand young and beautiful ladies, splendidly dressed with jewels; the beam of their beautiful faces illuminates the place, the brilliancy of their sweet faces takes away the heart; my whole soul cried out to leave the body that it might go near those hours. The heart beats with the ravishment of that sight. There are also distinguished places about this house, where are fine-looking women with arms like jasmine, and faces like a shining mirror; these handsome young women sell refreshments, and on the whole this place seems to furnish the nourishment of life.

INN AT EXETER.

A wonderful lofty building; consisting of many rooms which are royally furnished. These rooms have places for washing, the hot water was quite ready placed on the wash-hand table, standing before large looking-glasses, and towels hanging down exceedingly clean, with perfumed articles and fine soap. Every traveller is shown to a room to himself, attended by a servant. In every room there is a splendid bedstead with every thing belonging to it; ink and pen, with fine paper, are placed on a table, for the convenience of travellers. Fine looking women also serve here, and everything is most desirable. The rooms for eating are separate from the bed-rooms; where there are fine large tables, furnished with all sorts of eatables, both cooked and uncooked; everything that you may desire and imagine is placed on the table. Many people were sitting round the tables taking their breakfast, others reclining on the sofas. We were quite astonished at this house, and asked whose it was, and we were informed that it belonged to an individual whose business is to entertain strangers and travellers; and as he knows the time that the mails come in, all things are made ready for travellers to take their breakfast, that no time may be lost. Moreover, we were informed that there are in this city about five thousand such public places; each of them gains about 1,000 tomans per day; indeed the money here is like dust.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

In the evening we visited a large garden, beautifully lighted up, and the fireworks that we saw here made us forget all others we had already seen. A garden, a heaven, large, adorned with roses of different colors in every direction, the water was running on the beautiful green, pictures were drawn on every wall. Here and there were young moonly faces selling refreshments. There were burning in this place about two millions of lights, each giving a different color; the lantern and lights are so arranged as to make poetry, in such a manner that they have no end. On every side there appeared the moon, and the sun, with the planets, each moving in its orbit; and in every walk there were about 10,000 Frank moons, walking and gazing about, where the roses and the tribes were admiring their beautiful cheeks. Each was taken by the hand, such a company in such a place says to the soul, Behold thy paradise! Pleasure and joy appear; woes and sorrows are banished; every hand asked for a glass of refreshment to present to the possessors of jasmine hands. Thus we were happy to have in each hand a paradise companion; and to point out the beauties of the place, in order to draw forth the sweet music of their replies; we left the rose and met a pink! are we awake or in a dream? We walked in this garden from one place to another, till we came to a place where we saw crowds of people gazing at a boy, elegantly clad, who was playing on a rope; now we were as though we had lost our mind. This rope was made fast high above in the garden, on which this boy was dancing; indeed, he was like a bird with wings in the air. Afterwards a young and beautiful girl, handsomely dressed, increased our surprise; she joined the boy, and they played together in a most wonderful manner, enough to take away the senses to look at them. When the boy and girl had finished their manoeuvres, the people in the gardens went to another place, where there was a wheel which was set on fire. As soon as it was lighted it began to ascend, throwing out fire of red, green, blue, yellow, and other colors wonderfully, as if all the world had taken fire, and continued to ascend till it reached the sky."

ENGLISH LIBERTY.

Every person that has given ten tomans of the revenue, in case he should see anything wrong in its expense, has a right to rise up in the House of Commons, and seize the Nazir of the Treasury by the collar, saying, "What have you done with my money?"

WINDSOR CASTLE.

This superior palace is situated in a garden, or park, fifty-two miles in circumference, which is surrounded by a wall of iron bars about three yards and a half high. The park has forty gates, splendidly wrought, and through it runs several fine streams like rose-water, and its trees are most noble, producing a most beautiful shade. The carriage-roads are so finely paved, that a person might take his repose upon them. Roses of every kind, and flowers of every hue, are in this park. Its land is green, like emerald, its prospect is pleasure to the eye. Gazelles, antelopes, and deers, are here in thousands. Pheasants, partridges, woodcocks, and game of every kind, abound, all of which are enjoying this delightful place. Nightingales, goldfinches, and their associates, keep with their sweet voices watch in this garden. It is naturally carpeted with a beautiful green velvet. My pen tells me, do not proceed; I am incapable of describing it—it is Paradise. In one part of this Eden, there is a hill, two miles in circumference, on which the palace is built; it is about 2,000 yards in height, and affords a most beautiful view of the park. The mind cannot but be astonished at this splendid edifice, whose description exceeds the power of human writers. . . . Each of the Kings, for 200 years past, has had a separate palace in this castle, with distinct majestic splendor of sovereignty, as may be now seen, just as they were when these sovereigns occupied them. And whatever unique jewels each sovereign obtained during his reign are placed in his palace, with his statue, either of marble, jasper, or porphyry, seated on a jewelled throne; so beautifully made, that you might say it is alive, and can speak. One statue of a former King cost more than 12,000 tomans. . . . All his Ministers and

officers of state during his reign have also statues placed by him in the room, each with arms of the age, and appearing as if they were alive. In the royal rooms of the late kings all are seated on their thrones and chairs of gold, embroidered with precious stones, which cost millions of minted gold; each has his crown on his head of a hundred mauns of solid pure gold, and adorned with precious stones, so magnificent as to take the senses away. These crowns are supported by chains of gold, and suspended over the heads of the sovereigns. We also noticed several rooms, three hundred feet long, and a hundred broad, all adorned with beautiful pictures. These are for balls, where the King and Queen invite their noble guests; the King himself dances, and the Queen also with whom she pleases. When such balls take place, the sounds of the musical instruments in these rooms is heard at a distance of twenty miles.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ROAD FROM FALMOUTH TO LONDON.

From the time that we left Falmouth till we arrived at London, we did not see a span of earth uninhabited. In all places along the roads and streets we observed men and women walking arm in arm; also coaches and carriages, in which there were ladies like the houris, running in every direction; every moment increased our surprise as we advanced. Even the peasants that dwell in villages have lofty and beautiful houses; outside of every house there are beautiful gardens, adorned with very fine flowers, where ladies splendidly dressed take their walks. All the time of our travels in this country, our eyes did not see a single handbreadth of earth but all covered with delightful green, roses and all kinds of flowers guarded by the nightingales' singing. Such air and water are scarcely in the world, indeed what there is to be seen is enough to take away the senses. It is the first story of paradise, the majestic moon, the nightingales on the trees standing with pride, the roses resemble the cheeks of the inhabitants. At length, all this night we went on, passing by gardens, edifices, and lights, there was no darkness at all. In all the roads, there are lanterns lighted, also the houses give out their lights from the windows, in short, our travelling in midnight was not less pleasant than that of mid-day.

SHIPPING IN THE THAMES.

"The ships on this river are like forests. The large men-of-war are 1,200 in number, some of which are of 120 guns; these, besides the packets and steamers. The least of their navy carries thirty guns. The British mercantile vessels are above 25,000, such is their extreme and extensive commerce. . . . In fine, all the ships of other nations on the globe could not equal the number of the English ships alone, nor ten foreign men-of-war stand in battle against one English; they have always been victorious over their enemies. One of the twelve vixirs of Government has the management of the navy; he is called the High Lord of the Admiralty; Lord Minto fills this high station at present. In his hand is the direction of the whole navy. Besides the above-mentioned ships, they have innumerable others in the West and East Indies, in America, and Australia, which are called out at the time of necessity. The water of the river Thames is very heavy, and not at all good for the digestion, nor could it ever produce an appetite. Yet the people of this country do not use water as a drink; when it is necessary, they take a little, once in three or four days."

PARIS FASHIONS.

Paris, Sept. 16.

TOWN NEGLIGE.—A pelisse of white and blue foulard trimmed down the front, like at the top of the sleeves, with a double fold; lace at the edge of the body. A muslin shawl trimmed with thread fringe. A bonnet of sewn straw lined with pink crape, edged with velvet, and with a small veil of black lace; the ornaments and crown of velvet, and velvet and black lace intermixed in the cap. Bottines of coutil. Swedish leather gloves. A pocket handkerchief embroidered in cotton rouille and blanc. Parasol of shot silk.

TOWN TOILETTE.—A printed muslin dress, puce colour and white. A capote of crape souffre colour, and lace. A square lace shawl. Bottines of prunella. Pocket-handkerchief embroidered in red and white cottons. Collar and cuffs of lace. Parasol a la marquise of glace pink silk. An enamel miniature bracelet.

NEGLIGE FOR THE EVENING.—A dress of embroidered muslin with two flounces edged with Paris point. A slightly pointed bodice with a mantelet pelerine; short sleeves descending to the elbow with a similar double trimming. Black netted silk gloves, satin shoes, a black lace cap with India pinks. Simple jewellery. A fan and embroidered pocket-handkerchief.

EVENING TOILETTE.—A dress of India muslin with two Lisle lace flounces; sleeves and bodice trimmed with the same lace. A blue taffety band and bows on the front of the bodice. A cap of Lisle lace and blue flowers. White gloves. Rich fan, and a trimmed and embroidered pocket-handkerchief.

AN EXECUTION SCENE AT ATHENS.—A scene which appears to have excited an extraordinary sensation, occurred at Athens at the commencement of last month. The public executioner of Lomia had been sent for expressly to execute two brigands, who had been condemned to death, and so great is the horror of that functionary in Athens, that, although the government had taken the precaution to surround him with *gend'armes* for his security, he fell a victim to assassination previously to the intended execution. The government was much embarrassed for want of an executioner, when a person, who pretended to understand the working of the guillotine, which was on this occasion to be used for the first time in Greece, as a substitute for decapitation by the sword, made an offer of his services. Early in the morning, on the 5th of August, the guillotine was set up, with the red flag waving over it, and the two criminals were brought out to undergo their sentence. When they were taken from the carriage in which they had been conveyed to the spot, it was found that no locksmith or tool had been provided for releasing them from their chains,

and a considerable time elapsed in breaking the padlocks with stones, an immense crowd testifying their indignation at the torture of delay which was thus inflicted upon them. The first victim having ascended the scaffold, it was found that the executioner was not only ignorant of the mode of using the guillotine, but that he was in a state of high nervous excitement. Mustering courage, at length he commenced his operations, but without success. The knife fell before the head was introduced. The criminal then entreated the troops to fire upon him, and the executioner, finding himself unable to perform the duty which he had undertaken, gave it up in despair. No magistrate or other law officer being present to decide the course which was to be adopted, an adjutant set off at full gallop to Athens for orders. An hour and a half of cruel suspense occurred, when at length a detachment of horse, preceded by a white flag, arrived, and a shout was raised that the King had pardoned the offenders. This being found true, the criminals kissed the crucifix, the women who were present wept with joy, and the multitude rent the air with cries of "Glory to God and the King!" Every one praised this termination of a scene of such painful negligence, and the crowds returned home blessing their sovereign.

Plunderings by the Way.

A SPOILING OF THE EGYPTIANS.—A young European, as a Constantiople letter states, has recently carried off the most beautiful of the slaves in the harem of the Sultana Esme. The female fugitive took with her jewels belonging to her mistress worth a million of francs. They have not been traced, but if found will inevitably be put to death.

A letter from Vienna, of the 24th ult., announces the convalescence of Prince Metternich. His physicians, however, have given strict orders that he should not apply himself to any business for several days.

On Tuesday evening a tributary concert was given to H. R. Bishop, Esq., at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, by the musical bodies and associations of that town. The theatre was crowded. The orchestra and chorus consisted of 200 performers, who lent their gratuitous assistance, and the programme included selections from some of the best of Mr. Bishop's compositions. He made his *entrée* on the stage, attired in the robes of his bachelor's degree in music, conferred upon him by the University of Oxford at the last musical festival in that city. At the opening of the second part of the concert a beautiful wreath of laurel leaves, entwined with red and white roses, was thrown on the stage, enclosing some tributary verses.

CONSPIRACY IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.—A letter in the *Commerce*, from St. Petersburg, dated August 15th, says—"Count Benkendorff, commander of the gendarmerie, and chief of the secret military police, has denounced to the Emperor Nicholas the existence of political societies among the officers of the First Corps of Army and those of the regiment of Hussars of the Imperial Guard. The Autocrat was startled by the disclosure, and instantly issued a Cabinet order, providing, first, that the individuals suspected of belonging to those societies should be arrested, and tried with all the rigour of the military laws; secondly, that the command of the First Corps of Army be taken from the Cavalry General, Baron Giesmar, and that of the Hussars of the Guard from Major-General Narwert; that those two officers be placed on the half-pay list, and succeeded in their commands, the first by Lieut.-General Tymafujet, and the second by Major-General Plantine. The number of officers arrested is very great.

Since the beginning of the fine season the number of travellers along the Rhine has been so considerable, that the steamers convey daily about 1,200 passengers to Mentz, most of whom are proceeding to Frankfort.

The Pope (says a correspondent from Rome) has just caused the fresco paintings of Raphael, in the Vatican, to be restored. They had not been cleaned since 1702, and were almost entirely concealed from the eye by a thick coating of dust. They have now recovered their original freshness and splendour.

OLD LEGISLATION—An antiquarian friend has directed our attention to the following extract from an act of the Scottish Parliament, passed in the reign of Queen Margaret, 1288. We do not know whether he wishes it to be re-enacted, and to have full effect during the reign of our present Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria:—"It is statut and ordanit, that during the reine of her maist blisst Majestie, ilk maiden ladye, of baith highe and lowe estate, shall haue libertie to bespeck ye man she lykis; albeit, gif he refuses to tak hir till he his wife, he shall be mulctit in ye sume of one hundredth pundis, or less, as his estate may be; excepte and alwaist gif he can mek it appear that he is betrothit to ane ither woman, that then he shall be free."—*Dunice Advertiser*.

"LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING."—If you intend to marry—if you think your happiness will be increased and your interest advanced by matrimony—be sure and "look where you're going." Join yourself in union with no woman who is selfish, for she will sacrifice you—with no one who is fickle, for she will become estranged—have nought to do with a proud one, for she will despise you—nor with an extravagant one, for she will ruin you. Leave a coquette to the fools that flutter around her—let her own fire-side accommodate a scold—and flee from a woman who loves scandal, as you would flee from the evil one. "Look where you're going," will sum it all up. Young ladies, when you are surrounded by dashing men—when the tones of love and the words of compliment float out together—when you are excited by the movement of the whirling waltz, or melted by the tenderness of mellow music, arrest yourself in that rosy atmosphere of delight, and "look where you're going." When a daring hand is pressing yours, or your delicate tresses are lifted by him you fancy loves you; when the moonlight invites to trusting, and the stars seem but to breathe out innocence, listen with caution to the words you hear—gaze into your heart unshrinkingly, and "look where you're going."

THE PENNY POSTAGE.—We understand that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Robert Stewart, one of the Lords of the Treasury, visited the General Post Office on Monday evening, to examine the sorting of letters, and the general working of that department, with a view to the introduction of Penny Postage, when the necessary arrangements are completed. A Treasury Minute is in course of publication, offering a reward of £200, for the best plan for facilitating the operation of the Penny Postage, whether by stamping the letters or otherwise; £100 will be awarded to the second best plan. This clearly indicates that the Treasury are anxious to introduce this system in the simplest and most efficacious manner, and with the least possible delay.—*Sun.*

THE NEW GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA.—A resolution has been agreed to at a meeting of the British North American Association of Liverpool, held the 3d of September, characterised by the good sense and prudence which British traders usually display, but to which, unfortunately, the committee of the North American Colonial Association of London can lay little claim. The Liverpool merchants trust that Mr. Poulett Thomson will devote himself to the calm consideration of the varied interests of the Canadas, and will act in such manner as most effectually to promote the interests of the colonies and the parent state. Having a deep interest in the tranquillity and prosperity of these colonies, they knew better than to follow the example of the rabid Tories of the committee of the Colonial Association of London, who have done all they possibly could to possess the Canadians against Mr. Poulett Thomson before his arrival, and to stimulate them to impede his government. In this, no doubt, the committee of the London Association will be disappointed; for the colonists, with the exception of those who live by furnishing supplies to the soldiery, have suffered too much from the interruption of their agricultural and commercial pursuits to allow them to fly in the face of the representative of her Majesty, and refuse to benefit by his endeavours to tranquillize the province, in order merely to gratify a set of men in London who have suffered themselves to be blinded by faction.—*Morning Chronicle.*

HAYDN'S DYING PRAYER.—The army of Napoleon had been gradually approaching Vienna, and on the night of the 10th of May, 1808, the French artillery took up its position at Schœnbrunn, within two hundred yards of the composer's little garden, in which four shells fell and exploded in the course of the night. Its batteries were directed against the city, and Haydn, picturing to himself the horrors of a sacked town, massacre of his fellow-citizens, and the imperial eagle succumbing to the bird of Gaul, raised his feeble hands to heaven, and then tottered with feeble steps to his piano, where he sang with a voice tremulous with emotion rather than from bodily weakness, the national air composed by himself, of "Gott halte den Kaiser," god save the King. This, which he was accustomed to call his prayer, he sang with surpassing expression three times; but the doom of his country was sealed, and a few days after the taking of Vienna the patriotic composer breathed his last.

MUSIC.—Luther is frequently and fervently thankful for being enriched with the love of music. He says, "it is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrow and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind of gentle discipline; it refines the passions and improves the understanding. Those who love music are honest and gentle in their tempers. I always loved music and would not for a great matter be without the little skill I possess in this art." The amiable and talented Hooker, in the fifth book of his "Ecclesiastical Policy," speaking of music, says: "Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or voice, such is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself, by nature, is or hath in it harmony."

We understand (says the *Hereford Journal*) a singular wedding took place at Bodenham, in this county, during the late deep floods. Arrangements had been made by a worthy couple to get married; the day was fixed and everything ready, when unfortunately the river Lugg overflowed, and the spot where the church stood was deeply inundated on the very morning the happy ceremony was to take place. Determined, however, not to be disappointed, a cart was hired, which conveyed the party to the doors of the church, where they found the water was very deep inside; they, however, procured benches, upon which they stood whilst the clergyman tied the nuptial knot in waterproof boots!

The enthusiasm with which the Queen was received on her way to Parliament, and on her return, exceeds all belief. One luckless individual, attempting a kiss in the neighbourhood of the House of Lords, was instantly knocked down by an indignant bystander. The exposure of the agency by which an attempt of the same kind was got up near the Palace, probably put the parties on their guard; and so the individual who kissed yesterday, in hopes probably of obtaining the countenance of some Tory Lord, was unfortunate in his speculation.—*Morning Chronicle.*

[The spleen of the Tory papers, and their insolent attempts to detract from the enthusiasm with which her Majesty was greeted, are still better proofs of the truth of this statement from the *ChronicleExaminer.*

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.—The following gratifying occurrence took place in this town in the present week:—

A stranger called on a gentleman, saying he came to pay a debt of about thirty years' standing, to the amount of nearly two hundred pounds; that adverse circumstances compelled him to emigrate to America, and having settled in Philadelphia, and realised an independence, he now visited England for the purpose of discharging his debts, and spending his latter days in his native land.

The Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Douro, and a distinguished party, visited the Western Railway on Saturday, to inspect the new galvanic telegraph, the working of which they witnessed. Messages were

sent and returned along the rails with great rapidity, and excited warm approbation.

The Journal des Débats states, that "An apartment has been engaged in an hotel of the Place Vendôme for the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, the widow of Prince Eugene Beauharnais, grandmother of the Emperor of the Brazils, and mother-in-law of the Grand Duchess Maria of Russia. The Princess is accompanied by one of her daughters, who was desirous to visit Paris."

A letter from Dresden, dated August 19, states that the Princess Amelia of Saxony had just finished a new comedy in prose, in three acts, entitled *Die Stieftochter*, which was performed by amateurs on the 17th, at the Royal residence of Pilnitz, before their Majesties, the Royal Family, and the Court. The august authoress and Prince John, her brother, sustained the principal parts. It is intended to produce this comedy at the royal theatre of the capital.

THE BALLAD-SINGERS.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The public ear has become dainty, fastidious, hypocritical; hence, the Ballad-Singer languishes and dies. Only now and then, his pipings are to be heard. Sometimes, like a solitary hermit frog, he croaks in a gutter; at long intervals he "saws the air" with his foggy, jagged voice; and, on rare occasions, is to be found at nights in a melancholy, genteel street, warbling like a woodlark to the melted bosoms of congregated housemaids. Yes; your Ballad-Singer is now become a sky bird; the national minstrel—the street troubadour—the minnesinger of the alley—the follower of the *gay seance* in London highways and by-ways, is fast disappearing from the scene; his strains speedily to become, like the *falsecito* of Homer, a matter of doubtful history. The London Ballad-Singer has fallen a victim to the arts of the Italian: he has been killed by breathings from the South, ground to death by barrel-organs from Lucca and Pisa and Bologna *la Grassa*. To him, *Di tanti palpiti* has been a scirocco; *Non più andrai*, a most pestilential and withering air. Like the ruffian of a melo-drama, he has "died to music,"—the music of his enemies. Mozart, Rossini—yes, and Weber,—signed his death-warrant, and their thousand vassals have duly executed it.

With the fall of Napoleon, declined the English Ballad-Singer. During the war, it was his peculiar province to vend halfpenny historical abridgments of his country's glory; recommending the short poetic chronicle by some familiar household air, that fixed it in the memory of the purchaser, who thus easily got hatred of the French by heart, with a new assurance of his own invulnerability. No battle was fought, no vessel taken or sunk, that the triumph was not published, proclaimed in the national gazette of our Ballad-Singer. It was his harsh, cracked, blatant voice that growled, squeaked, shouted forth the glorious truth, and made big the patriotic hearts of his humble and admiring listeners. If he were not the clear silver trump of Fame, he was at least her tin horn. It was he who belied music into news, which, made to jingle, was thus, even to the weakest understanding, rendered portable. It was his narrow strips of history that adorned the garrets of the poor; it was he who made them yearn towards their country, albeit to them so rough and niggard a mother. Have we not great authority for praising the influence of the Ballad-Singer? What says the wise, the virtuous, gentle Sidney?—"I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet, and yet is sung but by some blind crowder, with no mightier voice than rude style."

Napoleon lost Waterloo, and the English Ballad-Singer not only lost his greatest prerogative, but was almost immediately assailed by foreign rivals, who have well-nigh played him dumb. Little thought the Ballad-Singer, when he crowed forth the crowning triumphs of the war, and in his sweetest possible modulations breathed the promised blessings of a golden peace, that he was then, swan-like, singing his own knell: that he did not herald the advent of his provincial destroyers.

Oh, muse! descend and say, did no omen tell the coming of the fall? Did no friendly god give warning to the native son of song? Burned the stars clear, tranquilly in heaven,—or shot they madly across Primrose-hill, the Middlesex-Parnassus?

As on an Autumn eve, when all the winds are hushed, the trees are still; when a deep silence is in the sky, and earth lies sleeping in the lap of peace,—suddenly a solemn sound is heard, and earth, from her heart's core seems to send a sigh, and all the forest leaves shake and tremble in the twilight air, and yet no wind is felt upon the cheek of John and Molly, straying in the grove.

So, evening had gathered o'er Saint Giles's; and seven Dials, tranquil in the balmy air, confessed a sudden peace. Nor garret, cellar, hostelry obscene, gave utterance to a sound. So tranquil was the season, even publishers were touched. Catnach and Pitts sat silent in their shops; placing their hands in breeches-poke, with that serenity which pockets best convey, they looked around their walls—walls more richly decked than if hung with triumphs of Sidonian looms, arrayed with Bayeux stitchings; walls, where ten thousand thousand ballads—strips, harmonious, yet silent as Apollo's unbraced strings,—hung pendulous, or crisply curling, like John Braham's hair. Catnach and Pitts, the tuneful masters of the gutter-choir, serenely looked, yet with such comprehensive glance, that look did take their stock. Suddenly, more suddenly than e'er the leaves in Hornsey wood were stirred by instant blast, the thousand ballads swung and rustled on the walls; yet wind there was not, not the lightest breath. Still, like pendants fluttering in a northern breeze, the ballads streamed towards Catnach, and towards Pitts! Amazing truth—yet more; each ballad found a voice! "Old Towler" faintly growled; "Nancy Dawson" sobbed and sighed; and "Bright Chanticleer" crowed weakly, dolorously, as yet in chickenhood, and smitten with the pip.

At the same instant, the fiddle, the antique viol of old Roger Scratch, fell from its garret-peg, and lay shivered, even as glass.

A cloud fell upon Seven Dials; dread and terror chilled her many minstrels: and why—and wherefore?

At that dread moment, a minstrel from the sunny South, with barrel-

organ, leapt on Dover beach! Seven Dials felt the shock; her troubadours, poor native birds, were to be out-carrooled and out-quavered, by Italian strains. The poor were to have the Italian opera retailed by penn'orths to them, from the barrel-organ; and prompt to follow their masters, they let the English ballad singer sing unheard.

The Ballad-Singer, though all but mute in these chromatic days, has done great service. Can we not hear him, far away, making homely, yet most welcome music to the yeomen, prentices, and milk-maids of Elizabeth? Did not they all "love a ballad in print?" Was not the minstrel a public servant of allowed utility? A most humanizing wayfarer; now kindling, now melting the common heart? An outcast, ragged wanderer, in the benevolence of his vagabond calling, giving fitful respite to drudgery; making the multitude pause, and listen to a ballad, one of the fine old things that for these two hundred years have sweetened the air of common life, and are now fragrant and fresh as hawthorn buds—a ballad, that could stir the heart of a Sidney "more than a trumpet!"

Two hundred years ago, and the street Ballad-Singer was not only the poet and musician for the poor, but he was their news-monger, their journalist. As then, the morning papers were not; the saints of Sunday shewed not the spite of devils at Sabbath prints conned over by the poor; historians, encyclopedists, and philosophers were not purchaseable piece-meal by pennies; and though the Globe Theatre had its gallery for two-pence, the works of a certain actor, playing there, were not printed at the price. Hence, the Ballad-Singer supplied music and reading to the poor: he brought enjoyment to their very doors. He sang to them the news, the court gossip of the day, veiled perhaps in cunning allegory—for the virgin Queen would snip off the ears of a bookseller, as readily as her waiting-woman would snip a lace)—throwing on a dark point the light of a significant look, and giving to the general obscurity of the text explanatory gestures, nods and winks, for the assistance of homespun understandings.

It is upon record that the Ballad-Singer must have acted no contemptible part in the civil wars. Have we not evidence of his stirring, animating importance? Has the reader ever met with the "Songs of the Rump?" If so, can he not figure to himself the English Ballad-Singer, bawling, yelling the ditty to a grinning, rejoicing crowd, as party rose and fell? The very songs, at first written for a few, and sung in watchful secrecy in holes and corners, were, as the Commonwealth waned and died, roared, bellowed to the multitude. Hark, reader! what lungs of brass—now, what a roar of voices! Look; the music issues from the metal throat of yonder dirty-faced Phœbus in rags; and the shouts and laughter from the mob, frantic with joy at the burden of his lay—the downfall of Old Noll, and the coming of the king, that silken, sorry rascal, Charles the Second. How the ballad-singing rogue screams his joyful tidings! and how the simple, giddy-headed crowd, hungering for shows and holidays, toss up their arms and jump like satyrs! And there, darting, slinking by, passes the puritan, his face ash-coloured with smothered anger at the profane tune. And now, a comely gentleman makes through the crowd, and with a patronising smile, and bestowing something more than the cost price—for he is marvellously tickled with the theme,—secures a copy of the song. The reader may not at the instant recognise the buyer; he is, we can swear to him, one Mr. Samuel Pepys, afterwards secretary to the Admiralty; but what is more to his fame, the greatest ballad-collector of the day; let his treasures left to Cambridge bear honourable witness for him. See, he walks down Charing-cross, carrying away the burden of the song, and with a light and loyal heart, humming, "And the king shall have his own again!" Who shall say that our Ballad-Singer has not shouted to crowds like these; has not vendored his small ware to men, aye, as illustrious as the immortal writer of that best of history—history in undress—*The Diary*?

How many times has the Ballad-Singer, with voice no softer than the voice of Cyclops, set the nation's heart dancing! Though these days own him not—though this age reject his songs—let us not forget him as a national character; as one who has contributed to the enjoyments of wayfaring life; nay, as one who, in his humble vocation may sometimes have vindicated life's best and highest purposes. He has been the poor man's minstrel, satirist, historian; nay, at certain seasons, he has been invested with almost sacerdotal gravity to prosperous men.

The snow is on the ground, the earth is like flint; the wind howls like a wild beast at the windows. How deliciously the fire burns! how the coals crackle, and the flame glows, as if in mockery of the blast and darkness without! A woman sings in the street: between December gusts, you hear a sharp, tremulous human voice—wailing? No; it is the Christmas-carol; the homely burden sung two centuries ago: the self-same words, too, that Shakspeare in his childhood may have lain and listened to—that in his later years may have wrapt his spirit, bearing it away to Bethlehem! The present, with all its monotonous common-place, for a time is gone from us, and we live in the past. The wild melancholy strain—strengthened by old association—charms away almost two thousand years; and we seem for a space as of those who had an instant interest in the tidings told. The music, the words are a part of our earliest childhood—of childhood, that in its very innocence familiarises solemnities with itself; and we again go back, again seem almost contemporary with the wondrous Advent. And this sweet, though brief emotion, we may owe to the Ballad-Singer. The pевishness, the selfishness of earth, is hushed, forgotten in the rich melodious thoughts born of his antique lay, begotten by the Christmas-carol.

The Ballad-Singer has lost his occupation; yet should he not pass away unthanked, unrecompensed. We have seen him a useful minister in rude society; we have heard him a loud-mouthed advocate of party zeal; and we have seen him almost ground into silence by the southern troubadour. Yet was he the first music-seller in the land. Ye well-stocked, flourishing vendors of fashionable scores, deign to cast a look through plate-glass at your poor, yet great original, bare-footed and in rags, singing, unabashed, amidst London wagon-wheels: behold the true descendant of the primitive music-seller; of him who, even two centuries ago, sold his lays without the help of other commendation than his own cracked yet honest voice; of him, who feed not journalists to advertise and trumpet forth his

ditties, but, to the public ear, uttered the words and pitched the note himself; of him, who, innocent of the superfluous theory of *ut remi*, warbled in his own wild naturalness, and found an echo in the public heart. And oh! ye sellers of modern crotchetts, tear, hide, burn your pictured scores, where ladies, with the best lump-sugar faces, engraved or lithographed, seduce the simple soul to purchase, fobbing him of two-and-sixpence; hide, ye deceivers, and, for the credit of the trade in general, try and contribute one blush among ye, at the simple, unsophisticated beauty, heading our penny ballad; an honest face, hewed in honest wood; a fine, true, homely thing, in its very homeliness shamming the prim, curled, smiling, leering, would-be-consumptive misses, exhibited in the windows of the fashionable music-seller to—we speak advisedly—the loss of much public money, and, what is almost as bad, to the imminent danger of public morality. If the lover of true pictorial beauty, illustrative of musical sentiment, would see, and seeing be uplifted and instructed, let him seek a dead wall, vivified and made harmonious by a thousand penny ballads. There, indeed, he may look on simple loveliness; there, art, unadorned, naked as truth, woes, and, if he be worth catching, inevitably makes him captive. Hark! listen! melodies breathe from the bricks: that wall, so seeming mute and dead, is musical as the blocks of Memnon.

The Ballad-Singer of our day rarely rises above the blackguard (Southey has made the word classic) and vagabond. His strains are, for the most part, the vilest begging set to the vilest music. He takes temporary promotion at an election, merging the mendicant in the more honourable appointment of party-minstrel. He sings the merits of the new candidate, and exposes the frailties and venalities of his opponent, with a modesty and energy that sometimes reminds us of the House of Commons. The Ballad-Singer, pending the election—alas! poor chorister, reform hath cruelly abridged his singing season—is, indeed, a parliamentary agent of no small importance: he may take rank with the solicitor, the professional friend of the candidate; and, if his voice and style of singing have won a few votes for his employer, they have doubtless, been as honestly obtained as many procured by the man of law, who in the course of the canvass may have exhibited a sudden love of kittens and canaries, paying for them ten and twenty pounds per individual.

Still, however, we have the Political Ballad-Singer: still the street-minstrel celebrates the downfall of a ministry; still he has at times something to sing about the royal household. Now and then, too, he fearlessly attacks a growing vice, to the amusement if not to the edification of his hearers. Like the preacher, however, the Ballad Singer finds his auditors increase with the fierceness and causticity of his style. A short time since we paused to listen to the mud-notes wild of a street-singer: it gives us to state, that he sang not to the praise, but to the dishonour of women, who, nevertheless, with the characteristic patience that ennobles them, making them smile wickedness itself into good behaviour, stood in a ring of five or six deep about the slanderer, mutely hanging upon the fellow's words, and now and then uttering the prettiest contempt of his miserable libels. However, in the face of one creature we saw the glowing anger spot: "Infamous! he ought to be taken up—come away!" and she urged a matronly companion, who placidly replied, "Not yet, Mary Anne—let's wait, only just to hear how far the fellow's impudence will carry him." (It would possibly shock the self-love of many sulphureous lecturers, followed as they seem for the beauty of their talk, were the true cause of their popularity as ingeniously unfolded to them.)

The Sailor Ballad-Singer has died with the long peace; he no longer attacks our sympathies with one arm and a wooden leg: maimed limbs have become scarce. Now and then, when we presume little is to be got by picking pockets—for, in all professions, there is, probably, a longer or shorter vacation—half-a-dozen fellows condescend to wear check shirts, executing, as they pick their way, "Ben Bowline," or at times plunging with one accord into the "Bay of Biscay."

At times, we come upon ballad-singing that has its plaintiveness; a pathos, independent of the words and air, though the ballad shall be sweetly sung. May such singing be seldom heard; may the passenger be rarely stopt, when hurrying on a winter's night homeward, by the low, sweet voice of some thinly-clad woman, hugging her child, for whom, and it may be for others, her wretched minstrelsy is to buy a supper. We have heard such singing; and the tune of the minstrel, the intonation of the words told a tale of misery; declared that she had suffered many rubs of fortune; that she was not born to sing the requiem of her own lungs in November's fog and January's blast.

The respectable Ballad-Singer is our aversion: the impostor who, acting in broad day an overwhelming sense of his degradation, sings in strictest confidence to himself; or, whose *fortissimo* shall be no louder than that of a bee bumbling in a flower. He is, he will tell you, a most respectable tradesman, who has endured incalculable losses; and who, if you could really come to his secret history, would much rather try to sing than work. The true interests of ballad-singing, as a picturesque calling, have been much injured by such varlets.

The Ballad-Singer who at watering-places carols to young ladies, and sings away the peace of families, is not to our purpose. He is beyond the minstrel of the gutter, and not quite up to the Apollo of a tea-garden. Besides, there is a mystery about him which we care not to unravel. Heaven knows, he may be a Polish prince, and he may be only a runaway pin-maker!

We have now no Ballad-Singers of character; no professed, constant minstrels, chanting their daily rounds, and growing grey, it may be, to one everlasting strain—to one untiring song. The knaves who now chirp in the highways are, like grasshoppers, but of a season; their music tarries not with us; their sweet voices pass from our memories with the air they die upon; they make no part of our household recollections, but are thankfully got rid of at the turning of the street. It was not always so. The reader must remember two or three Ballad-Singers of his youth, whose harmonies, rude or dulcet, still vibrate in his heart, and make a child of him again. For ourselves, we have two—nay, three favourites of the highway minstrelsy. It is but to name them, and if the reader be of London breeding, he needs must recognise the vocal wayfarers.

Our first acquaintance was an old blind man, familiarly named Billy. He had only one song: it was, however, recommended by a fiddle accompaniment. Billy's song—it had worn him into wrinkles—was

"Oh! listen—listen to the voice of love!"

Billy had a rich *falso*. Billy knew it: hence, you could have sooner drawn him from his skin than make him quit his *falso*: for he would murmur, prelude a few low notes, then rush into it, and, once there, he knew too well his own strength to quit it on small occasion. Billy's *falso* was his fastness, where he capered and revelled in exulting security. We hear it now; yes, we listen to his "love" whooping through wintry darkness—proudly crowing above the din of the street—shouting triumphantly above the blast—a loud-voiced Cupid "horsing the wind." Was it a fine cunning on the part of the musician—we trust it was—that made him subdue into the lowest mutterings all the rest of the song, giving the whole of his *falso*, and with it all his enthusiasm, to the one word "love?" If this were art, it was art of the finest touch. Nor must we pass the fingerings of his instrument: he would tuck his chin into his bosom, and smiling, now blandly now grimly on that soul-ravishing bit of wood, twitch and snatch and drag away its music with most potent and relentless hand: more, he was so absorbed, so bound by his art, that if the fiddle had been suddenly displaced for a battledore, we believe that Billy would have bowed and fingered away all heedless of the change. Poor Billy! He had a sleek, happy, well-fed look; and though we have known a worse *falso* than his ten thousand times better paid, we have a comfortable hope that it procured for him all the decencies of board and lodging. We have liked several Ballad-Singers; but Billy was a "first love."

AN INDIAN IN A TIGHT SHIRT.

Soon after this, while I was still sitting near my packs of goods, like an Israelite in Monmouth-street, an elderly chief approached, and signified his wish to trade. Our squaws placed some meat before him, after which I gave him the pipe; and in the meantime, had desired my servant to search the saddle-bag, and to add to the heap of saleable articles everything of every kind beyond what was absolutely necessary for my covering on my return. A spare shirt, a handkerchief, and a waistcoat, were thus drafted; and, among other things, was a kind of elastic flannel waistcoat, made for wearing next to the skin, and to be drawn over the head, as it was without buttons or any opening in front. It was too small for me, and altogether so tight and uncomfortable, although elastic, that I determined to part with it.

To this last article my new customer took a great fancy; and he made me describe to him the method of putting it on, and the warmth and comfort of it when on. Be it remembered that he was a very large corpulent man, probably weighing sixteen stone; I knew him to be very good-natured, as I had hunted once with his son; and, on returning to his lodge, the father had feasted me, chatted with me by signs, and taught me some of that most extraordinary Indian method of communication. He said he should like to try on the jacket; and as he threw the buffalo robe off his huge shoulders, I could scarcely keep my gravity, when I compared their dimensions with the garment into which we were about to attempt their introduction.

At last, by dint of great industry and care, we contrived to get him into it. In the body it was a foot too short, and fitted him so close that every thread was stretched to the uttermost; the sleeves reached a very little way below his elbows. However, he looked upon his arms and person with great complacency, and elicited many smiles from the squaws at the drollery of his attire; but, as the weather was very hot, he soon began to find himself too warm and confined, and he wished to take it off again. He moved his arms—he pulled the sleeves—he twisted and turned himself in every direction, but in vain. The woollen jacket was an miadable illustration of the Inferno of Dante and Virgil, and of matrimony, as described by many poets—it was easy enough to get into it, *sed revocare gradum* was a difficult matter indeed. The old man exerted himself till the drops of perspiration fell from his forehead; but had I not been there, he must either have made some person cut it up, or have sat in it until this minute.

For some time I enjoyed this scene with malicious and demure gravity, and then I showed him that he must try and pull it off over his head. A lad who stood by then drew it, till it enveloped his nose, eyes, mouth, and ears, his arms were raised above his head, and for some minutes he remained in that melancholy plight, blinded, choked, and smothered, with his hands rendered useless for the time. He rolled about, sneezing, sputtering, and struggling, until all around were convulsed with laughter; and our squaws shrieked in their ungovernable mirth in a manner that I had never before witnessed. At length I slit a piece of the edge, and released the old fellow from his straight-waistcoat confinement: he turned it round often in his hands, and made a kind of comic-grave address to it, of which I could only gather a few words, I believe the import of them was, that it would be a "good creature in the ice-month at the village." I was so pleased with his good-humour that I gave it to him, and told him to warm his squaw in the ice-month.

THE FONDNESS OF THE FRENCH FOR DANCING.

The first love of a Frenchman is for war, the second for a row, the third for a woman, the fourth for a bottle (of wine being understood), the fifth for a dance, and the last for music and the drama. The Frenchman is a good fighter, a good *émeutier*, a good chaperon, a good drinker, an admirable dancer, and a fiddler or actor *a la perfection*—always excepting Paganini for the fiddle, and Young for the drama.

A French fete without dancing, would be like dear Tom Duncombe without debts, and plenty of them. A Frenchman who cannot dance is a sort of *lusus naturæ*—like a woman without a tongue, champagne without froth, Whigs without humbug, or Lord Palmerston without stays. As to Frenchwomen, what care they for their tottering limbs, wrinkled cheeks, gray hair, or palsied frame, when the quadrilles are merely played on an

lod, out-of-time piano, to say nothing of their enthusiasm when Musard's band plays the last set which has come out at the Opera! Babe and grandmamma, child and woman-grown, mother and prattling, virtuous or the reverse, wife, mistress, sister, cook-maid,—all—all stand up to the time of even an old, cracked violin, played by a half-witted fiddler; and away they dance, in time or out of time, in step or out of step, just as it may be, till not one pair of legs shall remain out of all the circle to stand up upon. This was the case, as it always is, at the fetes of July, which have just closed. Never mind the illuminations, for the French can dance in the dark; never mind the fireworks, for they last but half an hour; never mind the company, how it is composed, for they are "all equal in the eye of the law;" and though they meet to-day to dance, they may never meet again as long as they live; never mind even the music, for they would dance, were it only to the sound of their own footsteps. But dance they must; it is as necessary to their individual happiness as war is to their collective and national joy. An evening of social chat would be the very *beau idéal* of dulness, if it terminate not with a quadrille; and this they dance from the cradle to womanhood, and thence to the grave. In London, Taglioni is *admired*; in Paris she is *adored*.

There is not a more laughable and jovial spectacle than a French dancing-booth, on a fete day. The master of the ceremonies is very frequently the master of the tent, whose business it is to keep the light fantastic toe tripping eternally; to collect with indefatigable ardour the two, three, or four sous paid by each cavalier for each dance; and to take care that his booth be well supplied with the fair ones from without, that the *jeunes gens* may crowd its portals; and to have an abundant quantity of lukewarm lemonade, of bad beer, of vin ordinaire, and of cigars *sans discréption*. In England the lower orders leap; in France, they figure. Oh, how all the white muslin frocks are held out by all the cuisiniers in Paris, with their puck centures, their best silk-footed stockings, stolen, or borrowed without asking, from their mistresses' wardrobes; and their caps with flowers that you know must be artificial, because they resemble nothing yet created on the face of the earth. Grapes, also, are worn in January, and snow-drops in July; lilac in full bloom in November, and black currants in April; and all looking so natural, that if the temperature of the seasons did not give you feeling proofs to the contrary, you would declare that July was January, and that April was November. And then the Messieurs!—for in France a butcher's fag is "Monsieur le Garçon de Monsieur le Boucher;" and a chimney-sweeper's climbing-boy in "Monsieur le Garçon, qui nettoie les cheminées pour Monsieur le Ramoneur." And here they all are,—masters and men, foremen and apprentices, laborers and mechanics—all together. To-morrow they meet in different capacities; but to-day they are all dancers. The *bourgeoisie* however, do a little bit of the grand sometimes, and wear flesh-coloured gloves; pay double the price for dancing, in order to have "reserved seats" in the booth; and call for champagne, knowing it is not to be had, either for love or money. The crack dancers, however, are always the favorites. He who springs forward the most actively, rebounds most vigorously, and pirouettes most fantastically, is the favorite of the fair sex, and receives all the smiles, and dances with all the pretty women. It is a curious fact, however, that a connoisseur in booth-dancing in Paris will tell you with tolerable accuracy, not only to what trade or calling the dancers of the male sex belong, but also the quarters of Paris they inhabit,—simply from noticing their modes of dancing, their *gestes*, "poses," and other *etceteras* in their manner. The *comme il faut* dancers are almost always journeymen hair-dressers, with ringlets, greased eyebrows, oiled moustaches, and thin waists. The journeymen linendrapers are not to be despised, though they can be told from the cambric part of their only best shirt, from their fancy cravats, and from the brilliant display of their profession—in the shape of two pocket handkerchiefs. The lawyers and sheriff's-officers' clerks are to be discovered by the cock of their eyes, by their slang talk about "l'argent" and their patrons, and by their perfect willingness to engage in a row. They are always in batches, that they may have witnesses; and so on—and so on.

Dancing never comes amiss at a French fete; before the lunch-breakfast it begins the day gaily; after the *déjeuner à la fourchette*, it keeps up festivity; before the dinner, it tends to whet the appetite; after dinner, to jump down the food; in the evening it is the avocation of the hour; and late at night, it procures sound sleep to those who are wearied by their previous agility. *Enfin*,—dancing is always good, and always seasonable, in the estimation of a Frenchman; and so away they dance, till they dance into the grave. There we must leave them.

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